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The Duke and Duchess of Kent and Their Family

This photograph was taken after the christening of the month-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, on August 4, which was also the anniversary of the Queen's birthday. The little Prince was given the names of Michael George Charles Franklin. He was born on July 4, American Independence Day, and has President Roosevelt as one of his godfathers. The Duke of Kent stood proxy for the President at the ceremony, and the other godparents were H.M. the King, King Haakon of Norway, the Queen of the Netherlands (for whom Prince Bernhard was proxy), the Duke of Gloucester and the Crown Princess of Greece (both unable to be present), Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven. The Duke and Duchess of Kent's elder son, Prince Edward, is now seven years old, and their daughter, Princess Alexandra, is a year younger. The Duke, who is an Air Commodore, has just completed a year's work in the Royal Air Force, during which he has travelled 40,000 miles visiting R.A.F. stations in Great Britain, and has covered another 15,000 miles by air outside the country



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Weary M.P.s

PARLIAMENT has adjourned for a short summer recess. Although a number of Members in all parties would have liked yet another debate on the progress of the war, the Government successfully resisted the demand. At least one powerful reason was given why it would not be opportune for such a debate. Indeed, apart from the noisy few, the majority of Members are satisfied that war debates do not lead anywhere. Least of all would a war debate be satisfactory in a weary House of Commons. It is towards the end of a long session that weariness always becomes noticeable. It is emphasised by the shortness of tempers and the sensitiveness of Ministers. After a rest the House of Commons will be in better fettle to hear another speech from the Prime Minister. I prophesy that Mr. Churchill will have an interesting account to give to Members. Apart from this, there are other indications of war developments.

Party Quarrels

BEFORE the House of Commons adjourned there was an atmosphere of restiveness. It was not unlike that which preceded the tension before the Wardlaw Milne motion of "No Confidence." Because there seemed to be a pause in the Pacific, and another lull in the Libyan campaign, it appeared that some Members were determined to get at somebody. This time it was Members of the Labour Party who raised the flag of revolt. They did so on a domestic issue; the Government's increase of 2s. 6d. for old age pensioners. The Labour Party wanted a bigger increase. Behind the scenes there was much agitation. Not even Mr. Clement Attlee could calm the rebels. Mr. Ernest Bevin tried, and so did Mr. Arthur Greenwood. At one point a compromise was almost reached. This was at one of the private meetings of the Labour Party. But when the old age pensions debate took place in public, the Labour Party split from top to bottom. Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell led the revolt. Forty-seven Labour Members voted against the Government's proposals. What is more significant, they voted against their Party leaders. Never before has there been such a large adverse vote in the Labour Party. There can be no denying that it shook Mr. Attlee and caused the Government much concern. Everything was done to minimise the occurrence. The Labour Party held several private meetings. The leaders did not want any more public demonstrations. Finally the smoothing-down process was successful, or partly successful. In demanding a vote of confidence in his leadership, Mr. Arthur Greenwood asked for an undertaking that there would be no repetition of the revolt. The Party would vote as a whole in the future on all issues. This created fresh divisions. Members of the Party were annoyed by this and they resisted. More efforts at conciliation had to be made. In the end sixty-six out of a total of one hundred and fifty voted their confidence in Mr. Greenwood; four Members deliberately voted against him; the rest abstained.

War Nerves

THE revolt in the Labour Party is symptomatic. Restiveness develops from time to

time in all parties from a feeling of frustration. This frustration is felt in the country. A minor military success would end the malaise which afflicts us intermittently. It is all part of the war strain, and as such, demands careful attention and, at the right moment, strong leadership. Mr. Churchill has not had an easy passage as Prime Minister. All possible misfortunes of war seem to have fallen upon him. But he has survived where others might have fallen. For instance, the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain would have been voted out of office many times had he suffered the setbacks which have been Mr. Churchill's unhappy lot. It says much for the confidence that Mr. Churchill commands in the country and thus receives in Parliament that he continues to conduct the war. He stands firm above all the political storms which break around him. His energy appears to be boundless and apparently he takes no account of the personal risks he runs. Not even the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who claimed to be the most travelled of British Prime Ministers up to his time, moved so far so quickly and so often as Mr. Churchill. I sometimes get the impression that Mr. Churchill is thrilled to fresh youthfulness when he starts off on another journey. There's no gainsaying the fact that to him personally this is a war of movement.

Successor Named?

I BELIEVE that Mr. Churchill has named his successor. It would be a prudent thing for him to do at any time, but particularly so in wartime. If true, Mr. Churchill's choice might be that of the country, namely, Mr. Anthony Eden. There's no doubt that Mr. Eden would command all-Party support. Even Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell is said to be willing to work in an

Eden administration. This may surprise many people. Mr. Shinwell has lately become a real rebel. His outspokenness has increased and can only be ascribed to his excessive zeal. I don't think that this zeal is animated by any personal political ambition. He wants to win the war but doesn't believe that Mr. Churchill and some of his Ministers are going the right way to do it. He thinks Mr. Eden might be shown the right way. In the Service clubs, there's a strong reaction in favour of Sir John Anderson as the next Prime Minister. This continues, and, indeed seems to survive month by month in spite of Sir John's failure to develop any striking qualities as a House of Commons man. Mr. Eden has all the qualities demanded by the House of Commons. Even so, many of those who make the backbone of the Conservative Party would support those in the Services who favour Sir John Anderson as Prime Minister.

Allied Generalissimo

THERE'S a lot of talk in the United States about the unification of the Allied forces which sooner or later must invade the Continent. The Americans who naturally desire that their Air Force in this country should be under a separate Command like their Army and Navy, believe that one man should be in charge of all arms for the invasion. Naturally they want the responsibility to be carried by an American. Both General Marshall and Lieutenant-General Eisenhower have been tipped. In Whitehall there's been no talk on this highly important matter and no straight tip. But clearly should the Americans insist, the British Government would have to give careful consideration to the matter. If the Americans contemplate sending a large invasion force to Europe, their claim to nominate a Generalissimo will have some weight. For instance, if there are to be more American soldiers in the new expeditionary force than British, the proportion of casualties will also be higher. It would be a heavy responsibility for a British General to bear, for the Americans would not be sparing in their criticisms if, for some unforeseen reason, the casualties were unduly heavy. Against this argument there is, of course, the important fact to be borne in



Brigadier-General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General of the U.S. Bomber Command in Great Britain, made friends with the Bomber Command mascot, Winston Churchill, on the occasion of the visit of Lieut.-General Eisenhower and Air Marshal Sir A. T. Harris to a U.S. Air Corps station



Four U.S. Air Chiefs in Great Britain

Brigadier-General Robert C. Candee, Commanding U.S. Ground Support Command, Major-General W. H. Frank, Commanding U.S. Air Service Command, and Brigadier-General Frank O'D. Hunter, Commanding U.S. Fighter Command, also visited the U.S. Air Corps station



The Christening of Prince George of Kent

In this picture, taken at the christening of the baby son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent are, in front: Princess Elizabeth, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Queen, Prince Edward, Queen Mary, Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent with the baby, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, Crown Princess Martha of Norway, Princess Margaret and Princess Helena Victoria. Behind: Princess Marie Louise, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the King, the Duke of Kent, King Haakon of Norway, King George of Greece and Crown Prince Olav of Norway

mind that no American General has yet matched his ability against the Germans. British Generals have. They have fought the most successful of all German Generals, Rommel. On the other hand the Americans did not hesitate in their acceptance of General MacArthur as Allied Generalissimo in the Pacific, though it was for a brief and unsuccessful period. Clearly a decision on this matter cannot be long delayed.

Timoshenko's Tactics

MARSHAL TIMOSHENKO is earning more laurels as he defends the Caucasus. No man carries such great responsibility, and no man appears to bear his burden so lightly. A headline glance at the Russian news can cause quick concern, but a closer study of the campaign shows the cleverness of Timoshenko's tactics. The fact is that the Germans have yet to gain a military success in this renewed campaign. They have got territories, but so far no final decisions. And time flies. Every week is valuable to Timoshenko, and he is demonstrating his appreciation of this precious ally. It is truly a remarkable feat that the Russians can continue to retreat and yet maintain their armies intact. There is every indication that Timoshenko will make his stand at Stalingrad. This may be the decisive battle of the campaign this year. Meanwhile the Germans are finding it increasingly difficult to make encouraging propaganda for their countrymen. Ahead they see another winter, and Hitler himself has told them how severe was last winter's suffering in the front line in Russia. Unless Hitler can bring off some big victory (and frankly I don't believe he can) German prospects are not very rosy. But they are used to the rough side of life under Hitler, and after last winter's sufferings one can only marvel at their endurance.

Foolish Criticism

I CANNOT understand all the fuss there has been over Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris's broadcast to the German people. There's

rarely been such foolish criticism of a fighting man. Air Marshal Harris knows more about bombs than most people, and he also knows a lot about Germans. The broadcast he delivered in German was robust, relentless. He did not mince his words, for he was not addressing one of our left-wing intellectual groups. He was talking to a nation of people who did their best to bomb the daylight out of this country. He was revelling in the strength that we have acquired by fortitude and faith. If Air Marshal Harris was not sufficiently senior in rank and sobered by experience, who in the Air Force is? There was criticism that he exceeded his position by discussing the kind of peace the Germans could have. Why shouldn't a high ranking officer mention peace? At some point it is conceivable that Air Marshal Harris's advice will be sought on this question. For the life of me, I cannot understand why politicians will try to undermine the confidence our fighting men must have in themselves and their prestige before the world at large.

Truth Revealed

So the truth is out. Gandhi, the pacifist, was planning to make a deal with Japan. He was waiting to stab the Indian army in the back. This is the idealist, the saint. He stands exposed to the world. The British policy in India is justified. So is Sir Stafford Cripps. Obviously when Sir Stafford after his arduous efforts broke up the negotiations, he had good reason. He saw that Gandhi was a defeatist and that a Congress Government under his domination would be defeatist. The question arises why have not the British Government taken sterner measures against Gandhi and the Congress Party. By the documents taken from the Congress Party's files at Allahabad, the leaders stand condemned. There are many people who were summarily incarcerated in this country at the outbreak of war for much less than Gandhi and his gang have said and done. Apparently the Government of India prefer the cautious approach. By publishing the documents which

accuse Gandhi of treacherous intent, they hope to give the Congress Party and the people of India ample warning. Will this be sufficient? In the United States, where Gandhi had won much sympathy, there has been consternation. This has been followed by indications that the people of the United States will support the British Government in any strong action they deem necessary. I hope the British Government will be strong, and show the world that British rule is both stern and just.



Bir Hacheim Heroes Decorated

Here is Lieutenant-General Stone, G.O.C. British troops in Egypt, with General Koenig, who commanded the garrison defending Bir Hacheim, at a presentation of medals on July 14 to members of the Fighting French forces who fought so gallantly there. Eleven Médailles Militaires and five Croix de Guerre were presented by General de Larminat, G.O.C. the Fighting French forces in the Western Desert

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

American and English

By James Agate

ANYBODY who has toured the battlefields of the last war must remember the monument to Guynemer. This is essentially French in its exquisiteness of form, and also, be it said, in the unashamed rhetoric, almost the theatricality, of its inscription. At the top of a tall and elegant column is a flying stork, neck and legs outstretched, supported, one gathers, by the dropped wings. On the plinth is a bronze inscription which Cyrano de Bergerac might have devised, acclaiming Guynemer as individual hero—"Héros légendaire tombé en plein ciel de gloire"—but also presenting him as symbol of the qualities of the French race and an example "meet for the noblest emulations." A mile or so farther on stands another monument. From a granite sheath grow the head and shoulders of a Canadian soldier. The head, crowned with the familiar helmet, is bent, the hands are folded upon a reversed rifle; the soldier watches over those who sleep beneath. On the front of the plinth is the single word "Canada." On the sides, in raised yet hardly decipherable lettering, is the bare statement: "On this spot 18,000 Canadians on the British left withstood the first German gas attack, April 22-24, 1915. Two thousand fell and were buried here." Not a word about legendary heroes or skies of glory.

WE are not in the least like the French, and the French are not in the least like us. We hold the same view of their monuments

that we do of their dramatists Racine and Corneille: that they are stilted and fussy. Doubtless they regard our monuments in the way they regard Shakespeare, as being plain and unemotional to the point of barbarism. It is as though some glittering rainbow were to quarrel with the ground-swell of an ocean.

AND now the same thing crops up again. But this time between the good Americans and our no less good selves. Long before this war and the last the two nations were gently girding at each other. One of Max Beerbohm's wittiest cartoons was a gibe in which Walt Whitman was depicted dancing about, flapping his arms, and inciting the American Bird of Freedom to soar. And of course the Americans have never been tired of poking fun at British pphlegm. The difference between our two nations in this inessential matter of the way each voices its emotion is as great as that between the French and ourselves. Americans shout before the event and then go on to accomplish it: the British do what has to be done, and then talk about something else. America has made publicity its god: this country has preferred understatement.

Eagle Squadron (Leicester Square) sets out to explain this familiar difference. A young English airman sees his brother shot down. He comes in to the mess and says quietly to the waiter, "Bring me a cup of tea. And, Jenkins, see that it's hot." The American

cannot understand this, he mistakes the tying of the English tongue for lack of emotion. Similarly he cannot understand the English officer who, dispatching the Commando on its desperate mission, says, "Of course a lot of you won't come back. But we can't have everything, and you will have had a lot of fun." The film sets out to explain that this is not mere callousness. Fortunately the thesis is dropped early on, and what might have been a rather dull intellectualism gives place to an immensely exciting if highly improbable story of the air. I enjoyed every moment of it, liked Robert Stack, and couldn't quite decide whether I want to see Diana Barrymore again.

ALL good Dickensians will remember that the Micawber family, after many vicissitudes in which everything except luck turned up, emigrated to Australia, where the whirligig of time brought in his revenges and enabled Mr. M. to live in honour and prosperity for the rest of his days. But no one has ever really believed this. Watching *The Tuttles of Tahiti* (Regal) I believed that the later adventures of the Micawber family, if their creator had stuck to the truth, must have closely resembled those of the Tuttle family. They, too, must have continued with their ups and downs, at one moment selling all their belongings in order to wager their prize bird against that of a rival, and losing every stick in the process; they too, after having the luck to find a derelict ship while nearly losing their lives fishing, and receiving a large sum of money from the sale of it, would certainly have spent the lot in a few weeks after giving a wedding party of Gargantuan dimensions; at the end we should find them once more penniless, borrowing cash for immediate needs, and always hopeful of something turning up. It is true that the composition of the two families is not quite the same; Mrs. Micawber, for instance, is replaced by Mr. M's mother, a fabulously ancient lady who has all the Micawber qualities, plus that almost cynical bravery so often found in the very old. There is a grown-up son who marries a native girl; and at their wedding we watch a dance which is a most fascinating, daring and exciting affair. In it the dancers swiggle upwards and corkscrew downwards in a rhythm which would take every palais de danse in England by storm were it permitted. It will not be, and Hammersmith must weep therefor.

THE film is almost entirely carried by Mr. Charles Laughton. He seems to be always walking away with the picture and always bringing it back. Indeed, when he is not on the screen the interest fades to nothing. Fortunately he is never long absent, returning with increased zest to his scheming and party-giving, borrowing money, repaying money, spending money, finding money in out of the way places: and always placid, smiling, encouraging, a picture of shoulder-shrugging philosophy, expecting misfortune and receiving luck with the same imperturbable complacency. And humble and pious to boot. A lovable person indeed like his prototype, and it is yet another facet of Mr. Laughton's genius that he, who has played parts so full of horror and sinister undergrowth, should be able to portray so convincingly this amiable creature who hasn't an ounce of evil in his entire make-up. And no ambition in the way of appearances. Old Tuttle wears an enormous drooping white moustache, like some Polynesian Old Bill, his clothes are ill-fitting and shabby, and although he lives in the vicinity of the ocean, water holds no attraction for him. Not all the perfumes of Arabia would sweeten that podgy hand.

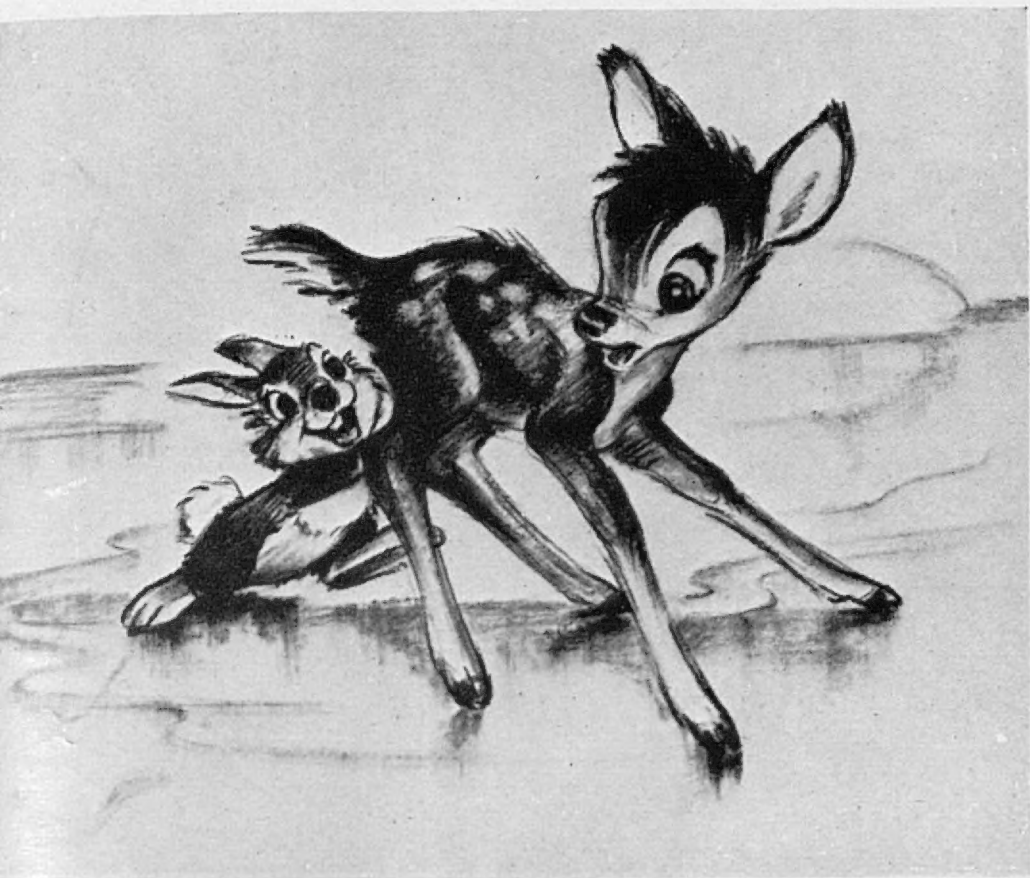


Joan Bennett and Mischa Auer have embarrassing moments in "Twin Beds"

With a cast which includes Joan Bennett, George Brent, Una Merkel and Mischa Auer, "Twin Beds" comes to the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Friday, August 14. Based on the stage success of the same name, "Twin Beds" is a hilarious comedy of married life. The indiscretions of Nicolai, a Russian singer (Mischa Auer) and his nocturnal adventures after too many "Cossack's Kisses" are the highlights of the show

Disney's "Bambi"

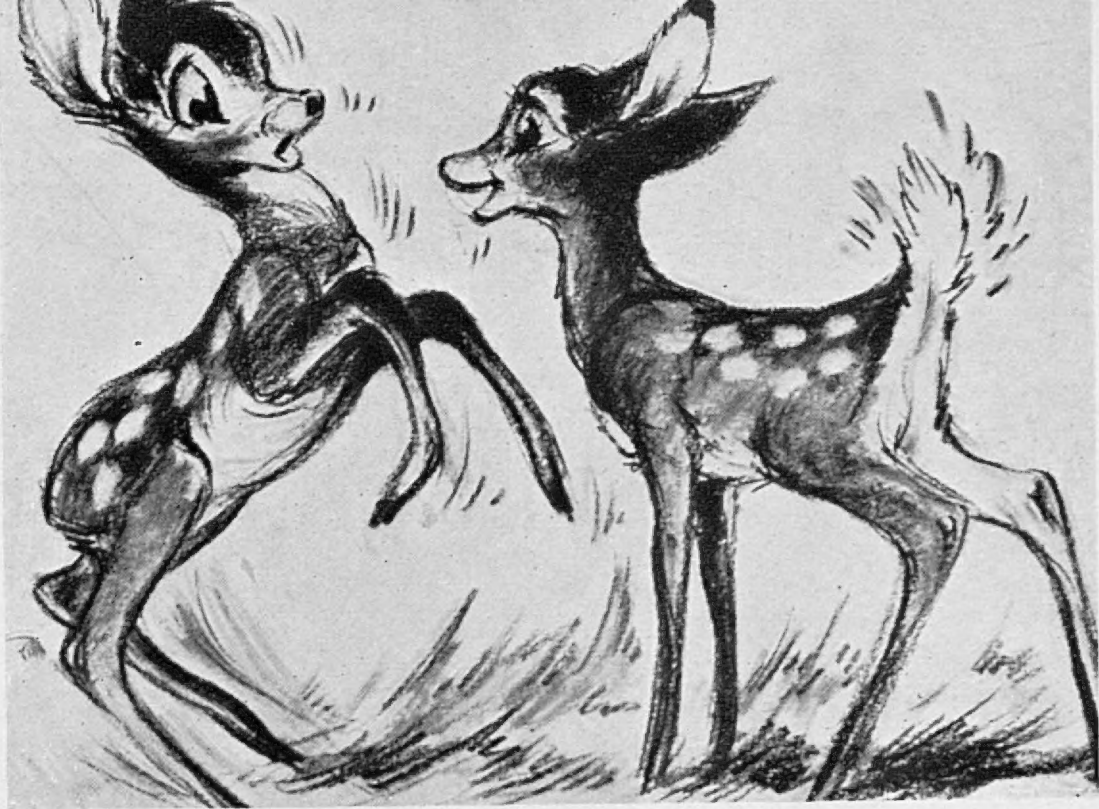
Adapted from Felix Salten's
Story of a Forest Deer



Spurred on by his friend, Bambi tries the ice. He is not very successful in spite of Thumper's efforts. Thumper is an expert. With his nice fat brush and flat feet he cuts a pretty figure

Two of Walt Disney's most lovable creations make their first appearance in *Bambi*—one the young Prince of the Forest, Bambi himself, the other Thumper, a young bunny who constitutes himself the Prince's guide, teacher and friend. The film is in Technicolor and the scenes in the forest, the adventures of Bambi and Thumper when they explore together, the initiation of Bambi by Thumper into the mysteries of speech, and, later in the year, when "the water is stiff," their exploits on the ice, will enchant every one. This is Disney in his gentlest mood. Later Man disturbs the peace. Bambi's mother is killed. Reaching manhood Bambi fights his rival to the death for his chosen mate, Faline; a great fire burns and destroys the forest. With spring new life surges; the charred trees burst into bud, the birds, as twitterpated as ever, make love as noisily. Faline gives birth to twin fawns. The forest is an enchanted place once more. We leave Bambi standing proudly on a mountain crag, king of all he surveys

Thumper falls in love. A shameless little hussy vamps him. Flower falls in the same way. Lastly Bambi, meeting his boyhood playmate, Faline, cannot resist her and fights for his mate in accordance with the laws of the forest



Bambi and Faline first meet in the meadow when still babies. Faline is a forward little minx and teases Bambi who is overcome with shyness. It is the beginning of Bambi's great romance



Friend Owl, awakened from his winter sleep by the noisy love-making of all the creatures of the forest, gives wise counsel to Bambi, Thumper and Flower (their skunk friend), who all swear that they will never be guilty of falling in love



Bambi, rescuing his mate from the fire, is wounded by Man. He is trapped by the flames till the Great Stag, his father, appears and leads him to safety

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Light and Shade (Ambassadors)

THIS dappled divertimento is the latest and, in some ways, the most intimate of Mr. Farjeon's "Little" revues. But it is intimacy with a difference. It offsets levity with gravity; it has warmth as well as wit. Some of its happiest numbers do not seek to convulse, but, by recalling beauty from the past, touch us with their poignancy. Hitherto, Mr. Farjeon's wit has played largely on his antipathies. Here he brings his sympathies into the limelight; and some of his admirers, forgetting perhaps that he is primarily a poet, may wonder that a writer so notoriously light of heart should have such a penchant for the shade.

We already knew how deftly his satire can sting, and the felicity with which he versifies scorn. His muse, indeed, has ever seemed as ready to ridicule highbrow as lowbrow foibles. Glyndebourne exclusives, rhapsodising over Mozart à la mode, or pioneer fans of the Russian Ballet, have been as impartially quizzed as the imperial excursions of the B.B.C. into seasonable bathos. Yet, these strokes with the scalpel, which drew laughter, not blood, had always a lyrical impulse. That impulse which found congenial expression in the pastoral charms of Ireland, "angling in quiet waters," the objective joys of cricket, the shy dreams and despairs of youth, is given wider scope here, and this is what chiefly differentiates *Light and Shade* from its predecessors.

Before many of its numbers are over, we realise that Mr. Farjeon's muse is deeply susceptible to nostalgia, and that she has infected him with its spell. The shades that alternate with the lights in this chequered show are haunted by remembrance of things past; fond familiar things, whose charm, intensified by absence, has a special hold on memory. One of the most delightful of these "shady" numbers is called "Echoes." It recalls the sweet sadness of ebbing summer holidays, the last bathe, the last barefoot visit to the beach. Its companion piece, in a different but still

reminiscent mood, recalls the small hours of a nineteen-thirtyish party, from which the sparkle and most of the guests have gone, and only the muzzier heel-taps remain. These are beautifully evocative.

THE difference between this revue and its predecessors is indicated from the start. The programme opens with an ostensible neglect of those tricky manoeuvres which usually assemble and classify the company before launching the fun. The players are discovered in mufti on an undressed stage. They operate within the proscenium frame, but deprecate its conventions and dispel its illusions. This opening number, indeed, is deliberately disarming. For while the dialogue and business have been exactly schemed and rehearsed, we seem to be watching a team of amateurs "making do" with homely properties while they discuss and devise an impromptu charade. This, of course, is an illusion. No team of amateurs, however inspired, could mask such steady art with such apparent spontaneity.

As the programme unfolds, light alternates with shade. Little numbers, having the old Farjeonian sparkle, punctuate the steady enrichment of the shades. A trio of county diehards hymn the privileged joys of field, stream and spinney and, without breaking their phlegmatic form, concede topical homage to Russia. A trial blackout, a backyard slanging match, and a demonstration in the more humiliating rigours of beauty culture contribute downright Cockney humours. Miss Betty Ann Davies, at the top of her sterling form, soliloquises on the exacting delights of queueing; and we are shown a selection of paintings "acquired for the nation," which, ranging from Rubens through early Gainsborough to Surrealism, raises the tableau vivant to a fine art. This is one of the best things Mr. Farjeon has done. It is an enchanting number, in which the lyrics, music and decor are perfectly matched; and—with "The Masque of Ariel," which contrasts ancient and modern aesthetic



"The Masque of Ariel" gives Mr. Farjeon the opportunity of telling the world what he thinks of the B.B.C. (Betty Ann Davies as a Torch Singer and Geoffrey Dunn as Apollo)

standards, and "Magical Lantern," an irresistible evocation of a nursery in the 'nineties—gives this admitted experiment in revue both its distinction and its especial charm.

IN Betty Ann Davies, Megs Jenkins, Vida Hope and Joan Sterndale Bennett; Frith Banbury, Max Adrian and Geoffrey Dunn, Mr. Farjeon has the leaders of a clever and loyal company who serve him well. Each has distinctive gifts and good opportunity to display them. Since the first night, adjustments have been made to the programme which improve the form without prejudice to the content. *Light and Shade*, in short, has qualities of heart and mind that lift it out of the revue rut, and endow what had become a stereotyped form of entertainment with fresh and exciting possibilities. It is an experiment with a future.

Sketches by Tom Titt



The little bit of old Irish without which no Farjeon revue is complete is introduced by Vida Hope and Megs Jenkins as "Two Wastin' Widows" and Max Adrian, the stranger on whom they exercise their charms



Three of the team who help to make "Light and Shade" such a very pleasant interlude in everyday life. Singing "Uke Songs" are Joan Sterndale Bennett, Betty Ann Davies and Joanna Horder



The "Passing Out" of Richard Hearne
An Old Serbian Custom Revived in
"Wild Rose"

In Serbia, no student is finally "passed out" without publicly demonstrating his skill in the so-called "passing-out" ceremony. This involves an acrobatic feat of considerable skill—leaping four times over two chairs and drinking a glass of champagne four times in succession. At least, that's Richard Hearne's story in *Wild Rose*, the Firth Shephard musical at the Princes Theatre. One hundred times in succession is too much—even for Richard—but it gives him the opportunity of demonstrating his dancing skill and mastery of acrobatics

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Historical Gift Repaid with Interest

Two hundred years ago, Queen Caroline of England, while acting as Regent in the absence of George II. (who was away from home on one of his frequent visits to his other kingdom of Hanover), sent £300 to one Thomas Lee, a Virginian magistrate, in sympathy with him at the loss of his home, which had been burnt down by revengeful criminals. The house subsequently built by Thomas Lee was to be the birthplace of that famous American soldier, General Robert E. Lee. Recent sightseers to that Virginian homestead have subscribed sixteen hundred dollars to help those in this country whose homes have been burned down by enemies, just as Thomas Lee's home was. This money was handed to Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace recently by Lady Astor, M.P., herself a Virginian, and the daughter of the late Colonel Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, of Mirador, Greenwood, Virginia. It was handsome and timely appreciation of a centuries-old gift.

World Premiere

THESE two once-hackneyed words now mark rare occasions, and the scene at the Leicester Square Theatre before the world premiere of *Eagle Squadron* was practically a period piece, the square outside thronged with expectant celebrity-seers, the foyer presenting an almost unprecedented (in wartime) décor of programme-selling beauties, distinguished patrons and interesting audience, all tremendously alert for the arrival of the Duke of Kent, who combined royal punctuality with a splendidly-fit appearance, enhanced by his R.A.F. uniform. Mrs. Simon Marks, vice-chairman of the committee, received the Duke, and among the famous R.A.F. people awaiting him were the Secretary of State for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney. He walked through a double row of the A.T.C. (the premiere was in aid of their Welfare Fund).

Long office hours keep Lady Bridgett Poulett's lovely face too much hidden, but on this occasion she was among the programme-sellers, ethereal

and exquisite. Mrs. Charles Sweeny was another on this job; Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, looking very slim and starry-eyed, and Princess Natasha Bagration, whose appearance has special distinction. An attractive person near by in the crowd was the Baroness de Stempel; Captain Leonard Plugge was an M.P. there; and the Sweeny brothers, of course—the real-life Eagle Squadron is largely their creation.

The Cause and the Film

THE Welfare Fund of the A.T.C. is to supplement funds raised locally by units to pay for canteens, sports meetings and all the other extras to the training (which is paid for by the Air Ministry) that help to make camp life pleasant. Squadron Leader J. A. Dyson, hon. secretary of the committee, is among its hardest workers, and outside co-operators were the Air Ministry, A.T.C. Headquarters, General Film Distributors, Ltd. and Universal Pictures Co., Inc. The committee, which included Lord Queensberry, Lady Northampton and many more, was a large one, headed by Lady Sinclair as chairman; Sir Archibald Sinclair was chief of the patrons, who also included the American Ambassador, Mr. Winant, Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Londonderry.

The film was noisy and exciting; brilliant photography made the audience feel members of the air crews. Bits of sloppy, improbable and falsely-dramatic story were presumably put in for the benefit of "the Provinces," which have become a sort of whipping-boy for films. The silliest incident was when the W.A.A.F. heroine rescued from the burning hospital a group of blinded patients (shamefully abandoned by their nurses), and having done so, practically fell over her long-lost father, for whom she had unsuccessfully searched for months.

Reception

SIR THOMAS and Lady Cook gave a large reception at the May Fair Hotel to members of the Yugoslav Community in London, and

members of the Yugoslav Society in Great Britain. Lady Cook and the Yugoslav Prime Minister, M. S. V. Johanovitch, received the guests. The latter is Serbian; Yugoslavia also has a Slovene Vice-Premier, Dr. M. Krek, and a Croat one, Dr. J. Krnjevitich, both of whom were at the reception. Their countrymen included M. M. Milovanovitch, Chargé d'Affairs at the Embassy here; General M. Radovitch, Military Attaché, and Mme. Radovitch, who is Scottish; M. and Mme. B. Popovitch; Archpriest Z. Ristanovitch, Captain I. Kern, of the Royal Yugoslav Navy, and many more. Others there were the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, Prince Svevelode of Russia, and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Amery, Sir James and Lady Berry, Colonel H. Mitchell, M.P., Lady Meiklejohn, and a crowd (but not an unpleasantly congested one) of interesting people.

Various Duties

LIEUT.-COL. SIR THOMAS COOK is Welfare Officer to all the Allied Governments, except the Polish, for which Colonel H. Mitchell, M.P., acts, and the Fighting French (Lieut.-Col. C. Black). Other things arranged by him lately for the benefit of the Allies in his care were a visit to a coal-mine by the collective Ministers of Mines, and a three-day tour of Norfolk by the Ministers of Agriculture. This tour included a visit to the King's farms at Sandringham, and to Lord Leicester's estate at Holkham.

Sir Thomas, who is a great-grandson of the founder of the famous travel agency, went to France with the B.E.F. at the beginning of the war, as Chief of Military Fire Brigades. Lady Cook, who looked smart in her St. John Ambulance Brigade uniform, is president of the Norfolk Nursing Division, of which Sir Thomas is commissioner in peacetime.

In and Out of Uniform

LUNCHING in a London restaurant last week, I saw Lady Willingdon, wearing her Red Cross uniform; she was giving news of the Red Cross and St. John jewel sale at Christie's, and saying how pleased everyone was with the result of the "open-air market" held in Belgrave Square in the same good cause. Others there were Mr. and Mrs. John Mason (she looking very smart in a black frock and hat with touches of white), Lady Dalrymple Champneys, in white, with touches of black, and with the most lovely huge diamond brooch on her shoulder; Sylvia Lady Poulett, also wearing



Making the Most of the Sunshine in Piccadilly and in the Palace Precincts

The Duchess of Buccleuch and Commander Blewys, R.N., were photographed outside the Ritz. The Duchess is the sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. Formerly Miss Vreda Lascelles, she married the present Duke in 1921. At the Coronation of King George VI. she was the bearer of the Queen's Canopy



The Hon. Mrs. James Baird, looking very smart in W.V.S. uniform, had Julian and Lavinia Jenkinson with her when snapped outside the Palace. Mrs. Baird is Lord Harcourt's sister. She was formerly the wife of Captain Robert Jenkinson, and Julian and Lavinia are her two eldest children



Fayer

Lord Aldenham's Son Engaged to M.P.'s Daughter

Captain the Hon. Vicary Paul Gibbs, Grenadier Guards, has announced his engagement to Miss Jean Frances Hambro, daughter of Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., a former High Sheriff of Dorset. Captain Gibbs is the elder son of Lord and Lady Aldenham and Hunsdon of Hunsdon

a lovely brooch, hers a very large one, too, made of sapphires bordered with diamonds, beautifully designed; Mrs. Pat Smyly, a *deux* with a woman friend; and Captain and Mrs. Miles, the famous aircraft designers, a *trois*, their small son escorting them. (Mrs. Miles was, of course, one of the lovely Forbes-Robertson girls, and has the wonderful family profile.) Among the men there I noticed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in his naval uniform; Colonel Leslie Jones, who will be remembered riding at all the big horse-shows a few years ago; and the young Marquess of Blandford, with two contemporaries, obviously enjoying the beginning of their holidays from Eton. (He is growing very tall, like his parents.)

Out in the Summer Sun

IN the afternoon sunshine I met Mrs. Winston Churchill, radiant as ever, wearing a small toque with the most attractive veil dotted all

over with yellow chenille; she was hurrying along, trying to fit in her very busy day. That day she had the added pleasure and responsibility of his Majesty the King dining at their home. Shopping, I saw Vera Lady Broughton (one of the original members of the M.T.C.); Mrs. Lotinga, very tiny and neat in grey; Mrs. Willes, in a lovely suit made in two shades of grey, and hatless. (Mrs. Willes was married in the first year of the war, and was Georgina Wakefield-Saunders; her parents had a house in Hyde Park Gardens, and one at Eastry, in Kent. Both Georgina and her younger sister, Anne, went to Biarritz every year since they were children to visit their aunt, who is an American, and had a villa there).

Exhibition Opened

MUSIC from the Life Guards Band issued from Dorland Hall into Lower Regent Street, as



Captain G. E. B. Brazier Creagh, R.A., and His Bride

Captain Brian Brazier Creagh, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. K. C. Brazier Creagh, of Stock Lodge, Ingatstone, was married to Miss Daphne Angela Brownlow at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently. Miss Brownlow is the only daughter of the late Hon. Cecil Brownlow, and of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, of Pennington House, Lymington

people went to the official opening of the Exhibition of War Pictures, presented by *Illustrated*. All Embassies, Legations and Borough mayors were represented, and the Exhibition was opened by the Minister of Information, Mr. Brendan Bracken. With him on the platform were Lord Southwood, to whose generosity the Exhibition was responsible; Lord Illife; the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Laurie; the Mayor of Westminster; Lady Limbrick; Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and Major-General Sir John Kennedy.

All proceeds from the Exhibition are to be devoted to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, (Concluded on page 216)



Swache

More Distinguished Visitors to London Strolling in the Sun

Home from school for the holidays, young Alexander Thynne spent the day in London with his mother, the Viscountess Weymouth. He is the eldest of Lord and Lady Weymouth's three sons, and is the grandson of the Marquess of Bath



The Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to Britain, escorted Constance Duchess of Westminster. The Duke was General Franco's agent during the Civil War. He returned from Spain early this year with his daughter, Lady Maria del Rosario Cayetana



Another mother in London to meet the children home for the holidays was Mrs. Robin Wilson, formerly the Countess of Jersey. She had her daughter, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, with her. Mrs. Wilson has two children by her second marriage

Country Snapshots



Lady Mowbray Distributes Pies to Landworkers



D. R. Stuart

In the Women's Land Army

Above: Agricultural workers all over the country are now receiving meat pies, made and distributed by the W.V.S. and other organisations, to ensure them getting a substantial meal while at work. Lady Mowbray, wife of Sir George Mowbray, with other members of the W.V.S., cooks many of the pies at her home, at Mortimer, Berks. Here she is delivering pies to the workers, and talking to Miss Malteus, a Greek member of the Women's Land Army

Left: Miss Anne Fielder Johnson, who recently became engaged to Flt. Lieut. the Hon. John Edward Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst's heir, is working in the Duke of Marlborough's gardens, and first met her fiancé when on leave in Oxford. She is the second daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielder Johnson and Mrs. Fielder Johnson, of Howard House, Dolphin Square, S.W.



Lord and Lady Halifax at Home

Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the U.S.A., accompanied by Lady Halifax, arrived home a month ago for consultation with the Government. This picture shows them enjoying a short holiday at their Yorkshire home, Garrouby. Lord Halifax, who was appointed Ambassador in January 1941, came home on a similar visit last year



Dennis Moss

A Birthday Snapshot

Mrs. Hugh Hobhouse, seen here with her small son Mark, photographed on his second birthday, was formerly Miss Diana George. She married in 1939 Captain Hugh Hobhouse, the youngest son of Sir Reginald Hobhouse, Bt.,



Paterson, Inverness

Lord Lovat at His Nephew's Christening

Lieut. and the Hon. Mrs. Alan Phipps's baby son was christened at Beaulieu, Inverness-shire. Above are Col. Lord Lovat, Laura Lady Lovat and Lady Phipps (grandmothers), the Hon. Mrs. Alan Phipps and baby, Lieut. Alan Phipps, R.N., and Susan, Lady Lovat and Sir Eric Phipps (grandfather)



Air Commodore Chamier inspected over 300 A.T.C. boys who marched to the Leicester Square Theatre for the premiere of "Eagle Squadron." Proceeds were given to welfare funds of the Corps

Film Premiere Raises £4,000 for A.T.C. Welfare

The first showing of *Eagle Squadron* was given in aid of the A.T.C. Welfare Fund, and the magnificent sum of £4,000 which was raised will be used to supplement funds given locally to pay for canteens, sports meetings and all those other little extras which help to make camp life "like home." With a foreword written and spoken by Quentin Reynolds, *Eagle Squadron* tells the story of those young Americans "who did not wait to be stabbed in the back"—the boys who knew from the first that this was their war as well as ours. Two newcomers to the screen make their first appearance: Diana Barrymore, twenty-one-year-old daughter of the late John Barrymore, and five-year-old Simon Olivier, son of Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier



The Duke of Kent went to the first performance of "Eagle Squadron," and was received by Mr. S. S. Ditcham. On the left is Lady Sinclair, and in the centre, Mrs. Charles Sweeney



Lady Jersey was selling programmes, and carried a collecting-box at the premiere. With her here is Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney



Together at the Leicester Square Theatre were Ft. Lieut. Roland Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., Lieut.-Col. Childer, U.S.A., and Mrs. Robinson. Ft. Lieut. Robinson is M.P. for Blackpool



Mrs. Simon Marks, Sir Harold Hottel, and Sq. Ldr. J. M. Dyson were three more who went to see "Eagle Squadron." Sir Harold is a Member of the Air Council



Ft. Lieut. Basil Foster looked very cheerful when arriving at the theatre. He is the well-known actor, and a member of the famous Worcestershire cricketing family



Wing Commander Woolf Barnato and his daughter were at the premiere. Miss Diana Barnato is in the Auxiliary Transport Service; and belongs to the pilot taxi service

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

N OBODY who has ever taken a toss on the high seas in a tramp steamer needed to be told of the philosophic toughness of the Mercantile Marine, of which the politicians and the Fleet Street boys are just becoming excitedly aware. It was the second engineer of a tramp who first introduced us, in the Bay of Biscay, to the complete works of Ethel M. Dell. He was a granitic Aberdeen character and stuck at nothing.

Now that the popular and efficient Minister of Labour has been calling the Merchant Navy "a proud career," which will make a few hairy old retired shellbacks open blood-shot eyes—especially in South Wales, where their pious millionaire owners fed them on clinkers and bilge, as Kipling was aware—we feel it's time to press again for that final verse in Masfield's otherwise fine *Cargoes* to be revised. "Dirty British coaster" has revolted thousands of decent chaps and many gently-nurtured girls in South Kensington refuse to recite it. Our suggested amendment, conceived during an emotional moment at Lord's a few years ago, still stands—

Cleanly British coaster with a well-groomed
smokestack

Strolling down the Channel, looking Dago tubs
askance,

With a cargo of cricket-bats,
Loofahs, dumb-bells,

Books by Bishop J-rd-ne and H-bbs's Sunday
pants.

The metre unfortunately forbids us to add
"a jolly fine set of Wisden," and anyway

we're told Wisden is nowadays full of French pictures.

Check

ONE of the gossip-boys having recently quoted a nice bit of satire by a seagoing chap on the grossly unorthodox manner in which the little ships of Dunkirk were handled, to the dismay of the brass-hats, we may add that mariners on the South Coast have a few cosy stories about it, too.

One lifeboat crew we know, having scurried their boat round to the assembly-point, were forbidden to take it across Channel. We forget why, but some little Lord High Mukkamuk ramping on the beach said no. The crew needed a haircut or were too tall, or something. Anyway they had to hand their beloved lifeboat over to somebody else and stand back, helplessly rolling dazed salt-pale eyes over the wine-dark sea and using briny locutions. There are probably reams of regulations in Whitehall about taking out lifeboats, and maybe Whitehall was livid with Grace Darling all those years ago and stamped round waving BT/LS/768576/ZB ff./75/AG(b)/765/CH and crying "Prosecute!" and "Wrong pattern oars!" and "Parents not approved by Official Zone Inspector!"

The kind of laugh we personally get out of Bureaucracy, not to speak of The 1941 Committee, is what the French call *un rive jaune*. It's the kind of noise emitted by a jaundiced Japanese canary with yellow fever.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

"Your permit to carry firearms!"

Fuss

WHY Sullivan's half-ounce of sugar-candy "The Lost Chord" is both bad and popular a music critic recently explained with great care in a trade paper, to the indignation of Auntie *Times*'s music boy, who, with Zuleika Dobson, knows what he likes.

That remark of the eminent Spanish critic, Menéndez Pelayo, that roughly speaking if a ballad is popular it isn't good, and if it's good it isn't popular, would probably, being one of the Facts of Life, reduce Auntie's boy to hysterics. However, what interests us more than the tune is the words, round which, a wellknown organist once assured us, is woven a charming sentimental story. Originally the ballad began:

Seated one day on the organ

I was weary and ill at ease (etc.).

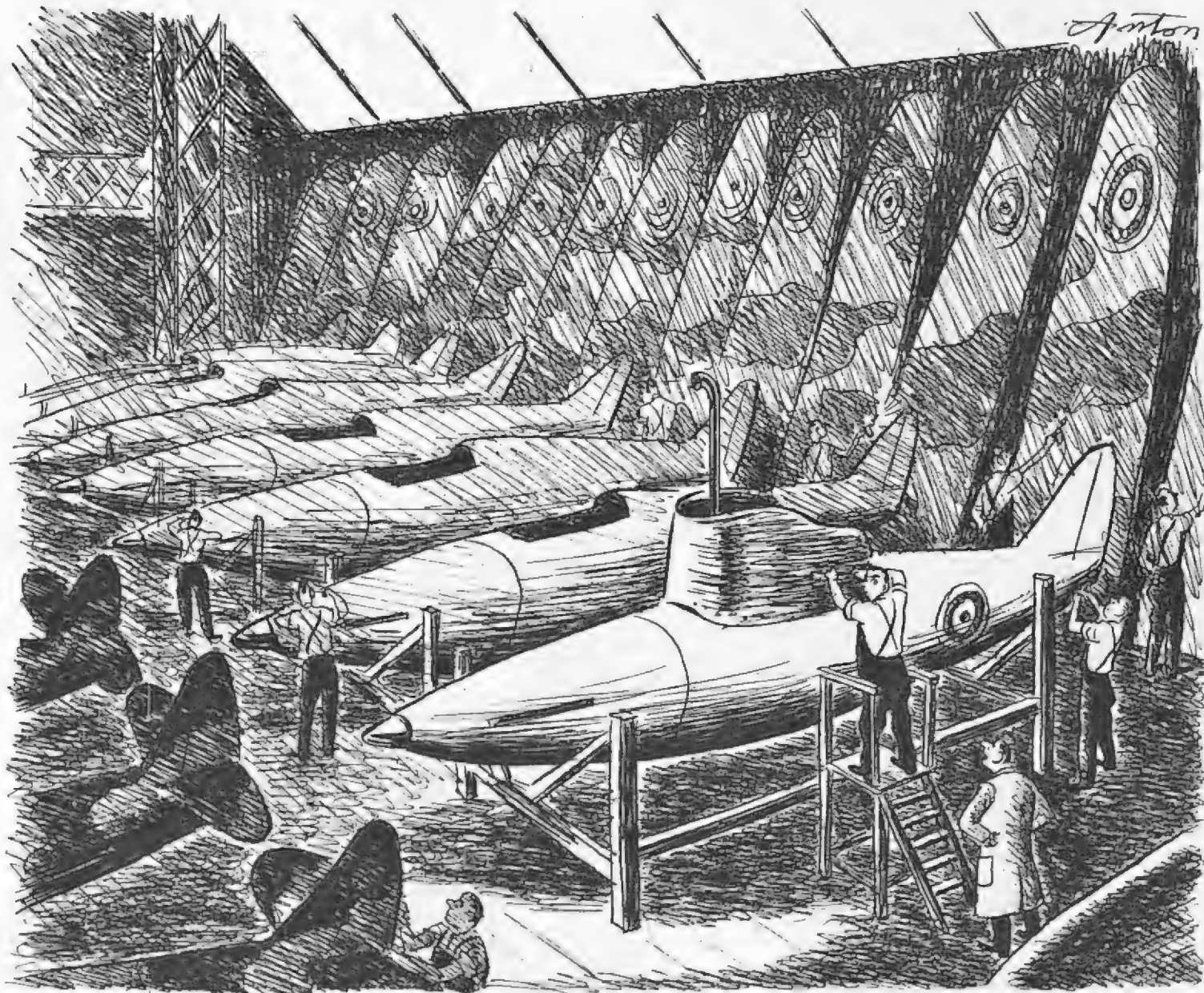
Instantly the Royal College of Organists began threatening furiously that if any dirty lyric-writer tried to make a monkey out of them they'd blow him from swell to great. A long, confused argument ensued, during which a rural dean wrote to the *Times* saying anyway he'd seen organists' bosom friends wearing tiny Scotch kilts and tasselled caps and sitting on organs in Regent Street, eating peanuts, and was this not somewhat of a record? This started a nation-wide uproar, "British Organist's Wife" accusing the unfortunate rural dean of Continental morals. Eventually Sullivan had a brilliant idea and blamed the printer, as most of our big boys do when in a jam. So "on" became "at," if you greatly care.

Champion

P AROXYSMS of lethargy seize us whenever we read of all those committees bumbling about post-war building reconstruction. We've seen committees. You don't want committees. You want a chap.

We know of a chap. Fighting single-handed against brute ignorance and cunning, low commercial greed, and that rage for mean ugliness common to the Booboisie, he has managed to make a certain little English country town unique. Not only is most of its mellow ancient charm preserved or restored, but its new buildings are comely and in tune with them (naturally he couldn't defeat the powerful chain-stores which defile all rural England, but that's his sole disaster so far). To achieve such things a chap has to be pretty sleepless, and maybe

(Concluded on page 206)



"Once again, Mr. Wright—you are no longer in a submarine factory"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Ensa's Founder and Chief, Mr. Basil Dean

For more than thirty-five years Mr. Basil Dean, actor, producing-manager, stage-director and dramatic author, has made the theatre his all-absorbing interest. Originally intended for the Diplomatic Service, he early found the fascination of the theatre too strong for him and in 1905, when seventeen years old, made his first appearance on the stage at the Opera House, Cheltenham, as Trip in *The School for Scandal*. In 1914 he joined the Cheshire Regiment and was gazetted a captain two years later. Appointed head of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, he became responsible for all the War Office Theatres and Cinemas in training camps. In April 1939 this appointment was reaffirmed in the event of national emergency, and since then he has given up the whole of his time to organising national service entertainments. ENSA (Entertainments National Service Association) came into being and in the first four months of war had organised 2,477 entertainments, giving pleasure and essential relaxation to over a million men. Mr. Basil Dean is now writing the story of ENSA in book form, and is believed to have included in this many plans for post-war reconstruction of the theatre

Standing By ...

(Continued)

handy with the rubber club and the knock-out-drops as well. The situation in most small English towns, observers tell us, is that the mayor's brother-in-law Bert, who walks on all-fours, is in the building racket. To render Bert powerless for evil is the major problem.

Suggestion

To dispose of Bert we should personally employ one of those agencies which send out trained blondes to entrap and blackmail City men, for as the law stands if you kill a speculative builder it's an offence, correct us if wrong. Committees! Committees fear noise, scandal, and bloodshed, the poor sissies. Hence the Academy.

Legend

ONCE again the Honourable Artillery Company has been distinguishing itself, this time in the toughest of the Western Desert fighting recently. There may be still old soldiers who believe the H.A.C., like their equally select offshoot in Boston (Mass.) take their valets into battle. This is absurd.

We can't trace the origin of the legend, which was already old when O. Henry attached it to the Boston H.A.C. Possibly in Henry VIII's time the gentlemen of the H.A.C. had their arquebuses carried for them, thus enabling them to swagger along with clean fringed gloves and wink at citizens' wives. In the 1890's, one of the Company once told us, uniforms cost them anything from fourteen guineas (infantry) to thirty (cavalry), which argues that valets had to be present to brush, press, fold, and lay these fixings out. But we doubt if these hirelings ever accompanied their masters even on field-days, even to murmur tactfully "You mean Ruby, sir," when the fainting warrior breathed "Tell Babs—"

Nor is it true that a candidate was once blackballed (one black ball in five at H.A.C. headquarters used to exclude) for jilting a beautiful Knightsbridge girl. She came from Earl's Court.

Tiff

THOUGH not quite so ready as the Fleet Street boys to accept an ex-Socialist Deputy's opinions as the Voice of France, we feel M. André Philip was right the other day about the average French naval officer, who really is inclined to resent Trafalgar. It's purely professional and a caste-mark.

If this doesn't seem bizarre to us, it's because we've been studying the agelong vendettas of the English hayseed, which can last five hundred years. Poets of the Arcadian Prattling School daintily ignore this distinctive feature of the countryside, and even Daddy Wordsworth only glances at it obliquely, if you remember:

I met a poor old tott'ring man
Engag'd in piling logs;
"Well met, thou harmless Babe!" I
cried,
He said: "Get off my dogs!"
"Get off my blasted feet!" he roar'd—
His manner seem'd unruly;
And when I spoke of buttercups
He tried to kill-yours truly.

It turns out that the poor dim-sighted old man thinks Wordsworth is his enemy Joe Potts, whose great-great-grandfather pushed the old man's great-great-grandmother down a well in 1509. Compared with this, the Trafalgar-complex of the French Navy seems harmless as a butterfly's kiss.

Feat

STILL wondering why the B.B.C. recently murdered Elgar's "Carillon" by substituting in the spoken part a gentle little poem about English church-bells for Emile Cammaerts' flaming "Chantons, Belges, chantons!", we are now inclined to accept an explanation offered subsequently by some low scribbler. Namely, that the B.B.C. boys did it deliberately, because they deem the Island Race to be suckers.

Cammaerts' cry to the martyred Belgians inspired Elgar to a magnificent symphony of Flemish bell-music, which resembles our mild native dingdong about as much as



"You're too jolly keen to launch 'em—
we hadn't finished that one"

a carillon by Jef Denijn resembled the sound of wooden dumb-bells clashed by a retired Anglo-Indian colonel in a Cheltenham bathroom. It took hard thinking by the B.B.C. boys to ruin such a wedding of fine words and noble music properly. One of our spies tells us they eagerly debated many substitutes, including "We Are Seven," "Gunga Din," "Excelsior," "Pussy's Birthday," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Having finally achieved their frightful object, they dispersed laughingly, washed their hands, and were ready for play.

Query

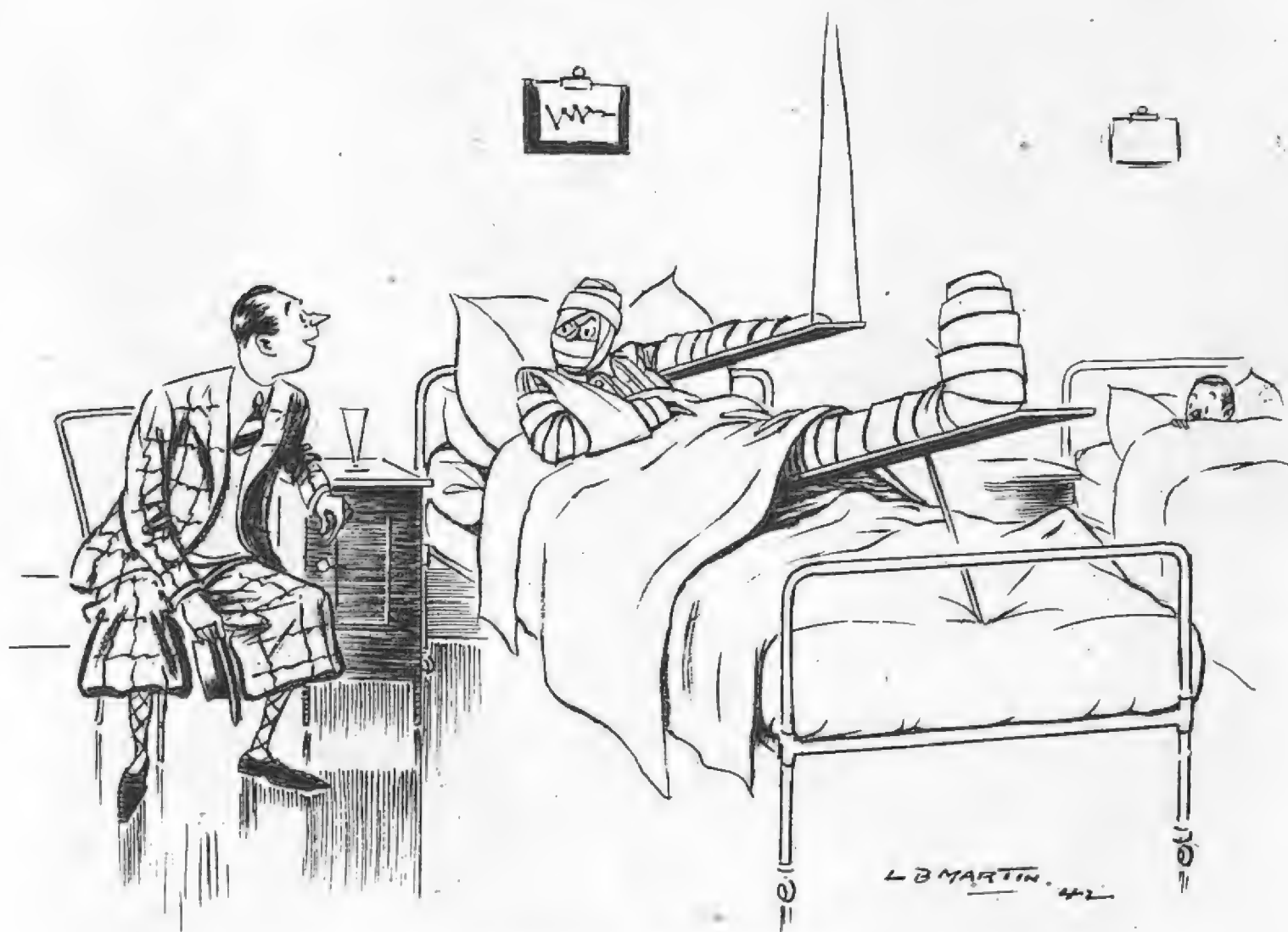
ARE we incidentally in order in describing the Old Joybox in Portland Place as a lair of bestial, a cavern of desiccated yahoos, a brabbling-shop of Boeotian paranoiacs, a bousing-ken of cynical and scrofulous ninnyhammers? No? Our mistake, tell Mumsie.

Rap

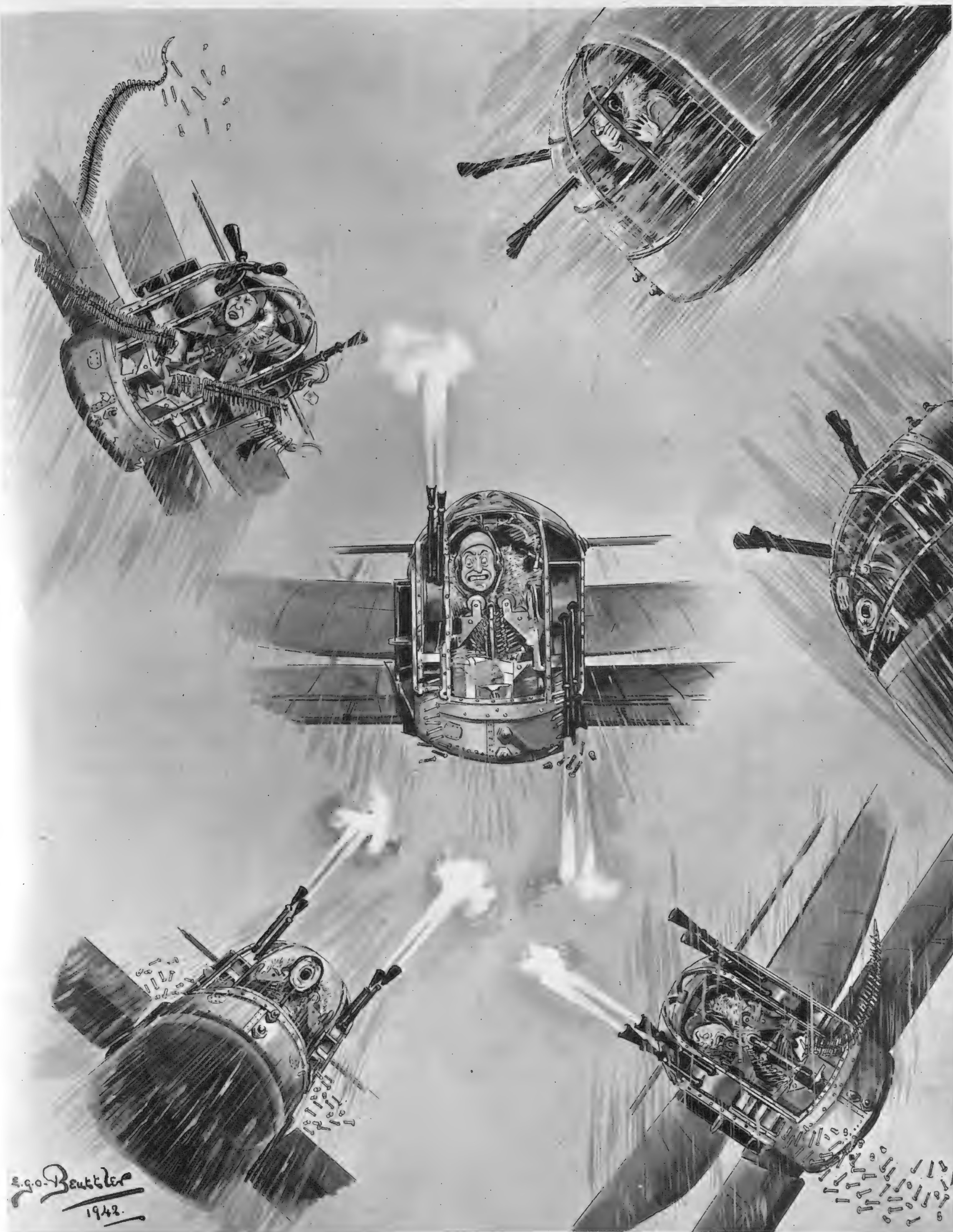
HAPPENING recently to see a two-months-old copy of *L'Action Française*, arrived via Switzerland, we perceived Auntie Times, "organ of City capitalism," to be the target for some blasting irony on account of her new pro-Soviet enthusiasms. Under great strain, it seems, even the breathless reverence foreigners have for Auntie—haven't we all?—is liable to crack. Still, we were aghast. Next to the old trot's going suddenly haywire herself and yelling strings of those words with which, as Somerset Maugham has observed, the most dignified maiden ladies are often discovered to be surprisingly familiar, *L'Action Française* boys' picture of Auntie romping with the Marxists was the most embarrassing thing imaginable. Nobody can etch more finely in vitriol than the French.

Which reminds us of this year's Academy and a conversation a chap swore to us he overheard there the other day. Somebody said to an old lady that So-and-So was etching more nowadays than he used to, and the old lady said really, even in wartime some people ought to take a bath now and again.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Had any fun with the nurses?"



Sensations of a Rear-Gunner

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Adlington Hall

Home of the Leghs for Six Centuries
Is Now a Maternity Home



Georgian columns facing south make an imposing background for one of the white ambulances used by the hospital



Seeing off a patient from the Elizabethan courtyard on the eastern side of Adlington Hall



A new arrival at the hospital is welcomed by members of the staff as she steps from the ambulance.





*Elizabeth Legh with a Clydesdale
Foal Bred at Adlington*

Adlington Hall, Cheshire, the beautiful historic home of the Leghs, has been in possession of the family since 1352, when they first acquired it during the reign of Edward III. The present chatelaine, Mrs. Legh, had now turned a large part of the house into a maternity hospital for the wives of Service men of all ranks, with a staff of skilled nurses and all modern equipment. Wonderful oak-panelled rooms have become wards and nurseries, and inmates of the hospital can sit in the Great Hall, where still stands the organ on which Handel, when a guest at Adlington, played and composed his music. Mrs. Legh lives in another part of the house, with her fifteen-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, who helps her mother in her work of farming the estate, but hopes eventually to join the W.R.N.S.

Mother and daughter in the drawing-room of the Brew House, with its timbered ceiling and latticed windows



Mrs. Legh of Adlington



The Brew House and the stone farm buildings flank the courtyard where Mrs. Legh and Elizabeth were photographed

Happy Families



Mrs. Archibald Cheyne and Mark



Mrs. Kenneth Thornton and Her Sons

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton (formerly Miss Angla Brett) and her younger sister, Mrs. Cheyne (seen in another picture on this page), with whom she is sharing a house in the country, are the nieces of Viscount Esher. Captain Kenneth Thornton is in the Coldstream Guards; he and his wife have two sons, Timothy, who is seven, and Brian, born in 1937

Left: The wife of Lieut. Archibald Rider Cheyne, R.N., was Miss Marie Louise Brett, and is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Brett, and of the Hon. Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare). Little Mark Cheyne was born in 1941. Lieut. Cheyne, who is the son of Colonel and Mrs. R. 'E. Cheyne, of Ditchingham, Norfolk, was taken prisoner the same year. He is a grandson of the late Rider Haggard, the author



Mrs. John Bagge and Christabel

The wife of Captain John Bagge was, before her marriage in 1939, Miss Lena Davies, and is the daughter of Mr. D. James Davies, C.B.E., Commissioner for Newfoundland in London. Her daughter, Christabel, was born in 1940. Captain Bagge is the elder son of Sir Picton Bagge, Bt., of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk



Countess Cadogan with Her Children

Left: In 1936 the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller married Earl Cadogan, and they have three children: Viscount Chelsea and Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, who are seen above with their mother. Lady Cadogan is the youngest of Lord Churston's four sisters, and a daughter of Mrs. Theodore Wessel

Far From the Madding Crowd



*Mrs. Lyle with Rosemary
and Margaret*

Mrs. Lyle, who comes from South Africa, is the wife of Lieut. Ian Duff Lyle. She is working for the W.V.S., while her husband is serving in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Their two little girls, seen here with their mother, are called Rosemary and Margaret. Barrington Court, home of the Lyles, in Somerset, is the property of the National Trust, and at the present time is occupied by a school, evacuated for the war

*Photographs by
Compton Collier*



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lawson and Their Children

The Ralph Lawsons were married in 1935. Mr. Lawson, who is a liaison officer in the Royal Observer Corps, is the elder son of Sir Henry Lawson, Bt., of Brough Hall, Catterick, Yorkshire. His wife is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Edmund Chaytor, Bt., and of Mrs. Burton Fiske. They have two daughters: Valerie, who is six, and Jill, aged two years

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Two-Year-Olds' Derby

THE best thing to say concerning this contest on August 26th at Newmarket is probably nothing, for whatever anyone might venture to remark might so very easily prove to be misleading. Almost all the leading characters are engaged, with the notable exception of Lady Sybil, Mr. M. H. Benson's smart filly by Nearco, out of Sister Sarah by Abbot's Trace. I see it stated that she is reckoned to be the best two-year-old in training. Last time out (Saxham Stakes, Newmarket, July 14th) she won like a racehorse, absolutely losing her field, and finishing hard-held six lengths in front of Lord Durham's Cincture; time, 1 minute, which possibly could have been lowered if she had been all-out. Cincture is in the Middle Park Stakes, and her running may provide a useful line. I see that they are making the Aga Khan's Nasrullah favourite, on the strength of his recent very smooth victory in the Coventry Stakes (June 30th), in which he finished a good 2½ lengths in front of the Duke of Norfolk's Victory Torch, Miss Dorothy Paget's Straight Deal intervening. He is another Nearco, and his mamma is the speedy Mumtaz Begum, who is by Blenheim. Nasrullah is a well-grown, long-striding colt, and on his breeding he ought to stay, but the nuts and bolts at Newmarket say that they doubt. Nearly, another Nearco, beat him pointlessly in the Wilburton Stakes on Oaks day, giving him 9 lb. and finishing two lengths in front of him, Rosy Legend colt dividing them. Major L. B. Holliday owns Nearly, whose dam is Lost Soul, by that great horse Solario. If they were ready to make Nasrullah a winner of the Middle Park, how about this form? It looked very useful till came Nearly's recent defeat, and the news that she was not herself. It will not now be surprising if they keep her at home. His Majesty's Tipstaff, who is also in the picture, is the very reverse of Nasrullah—smaller, quick-actioned and beautifully balanced. Nasrullah's outing in the Great Bradley Stakes (6 furlongs) on July 28th was no more than a stripped gallop.

He had only one, and a quite unimportant, competitor. We do not really know, however, and we shall not until we get the result of this Two-Year-Olds' Derby.

War and Sport

WE have been assured quite recently, by those who rarely see any good in their own, that the reason why our armies have suffered a long succession of setbacks is because they are officered by a lot of polo-playing slackers, who have not taken the trouble to learn the trade of war. This quite unjust aspersion presumably goes for other forms of sport besides polo, which, incidentally, has never been played by any excepting an infinitesimal few. Per contra, it is suggested that the German Army is so good because its officers are not allowed to learn any other game than war. It is quite correct that the German officer is compelled to acquire a liking for Kriegspiel, and that he is not encouraged to think of anything outside his profession. Germany is not a sport-loving country, and this is true in more senses than one, but is it not far too sweeping an assertion to say that sport is discouraging of military efficiency? The German system undoubtedly turns out an expert, polished to the nth degree, and he is all right so long as things go exactly as his textbooks have told him that they must if he has strictly obeyed the rules therein laid down. The German officer is taught that, if he does A, then B must result, unless some entirely impossible circumstance intervenes and causes C to happen. Everything is worked out to about ten places of decimals. If B does not happen, the student is very badly upset, and if he is hit very hard, he is so confused that he throws up the sponge. An illuminating reference is March 1918. The German attack was, on paper, certain of success. It failed, and that upset the professors' entire apple-cart. The resilience with which sport imbues people was entirely lacking. Which kind of warrior would you prefer: (1) the chap who, when he gets a jolt to the point, which he



Pooler, Dublin

Racing in Dublin

Mr. J. C. Osborne was at Baldoyale Races, Dublin, with Mr. Evelyn W. Hope Johnstone, a former Master of the Westmeath Hounds, and the Gallant "Tippis." Mr. Osborne is the Irish Turf Club handicapper for flat racing

has worked out by mathematics it was impossible for him to get, and then says "All is lost"; or (2) the chap who will ride the punches and come back again, and who says: "Mathematically I am beaten, but I'm damned if I am!"

A Few Facts

WE need not go back to the last war for an instance—the gallant Mobbs, Piper Findlater, V.C., Campbell (Coldstream), V.C., and his hunting horn, the Grenfells, one of them a V.C., all those other chaps in the fighting retreat from Mons—for we can pick them much nearer home. Jock Campbell, V.C. (Gunnery's Polo Team), many cavalry regiments recently mentioned in this fine scrap in Libya 4th, 10th and 11th Hussars, 12th Lancers, Queen's Bays, 9th Lancers, and, in the Infantry, the Rifle Brigade (Garmoyne, D.S.O. and Bar, a polo player and a fine man over a country) and Durhams, also with a fine polo tradition. These are just a few. The 10th have nearly as fine an Inter-Regimental Polo record as the 17th and 17th-21st Lancers: they won it in England in 1888, 1898, 1937, 1939—in India in 1881, 1882, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1933 and 1936. Lieut.-Col. Archer-Shee, D.S.O., was the 10th's back in the recent victories in England. In the years just before this war they had a virtual mortgage on military events between the flags, the names Roddick, Roscoe Harvey and poor young "Kim" Muir are a history-book in themselves, and their C.O., Charles Gairdner, who was also in the regimental polo team, chipped in with a winner to swell the score. The 12th Lancers won the Inter-Regimental at home in 1914, and they won it again in 1936, when war was yet once more imminent, beating that fine Royal Navy side, which was skippered by Lord Louis Mountbatten, yet another polo player who has written his name in capital letters in this present war. The 12th Lancers were the runners-up to the 10th in 1939, and they must be absolute jinxes where warfare is concerned! The 11th Hussars, another regiment with a good polo record (Inter-Regimental, 1908 and 1909), have not such a brilliant list of victories in this game, as some of the others, just mentioned, but in another department I should say that they hold a world's record. Take a look at this list of Masters of Hounds: Lieut.-Col. J. G. Lowther (Pytchley), Sir Thomas Ainsworth (Blazers), Tipperary, Meath, Kildares), Captain H. A. Jaffray (Brocklesby, Joint), Captain H. A. Jaffray (Brocklesby, Joint), Cotswold, Zetland, Meynell and Ootacamund), Mr. C. F. Garrard (Vine), and Captain J. W. S. Galbraith (Aldershot Drag). I think that is the lot, so how about it? All these officers have good service



Three Night Fighter Pilots Get the Czech War Cross

Wing Commander the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. J. A. F. MacLachlan, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Flt. Lieut. Karel Kuttelwascher, D.F.C. and Bar, were decorated by Dr. Benes with the Czechoslovak War Cross, the highest Czech Military Honour. All three are night-fighter aces, and the Czech pilots trained by Wing Commander Aitken have had numerous successes. Sq. Ldr. MacLachlan, himself a master of the art of "intrusion," has several Czech pilots in his squadron, and Flt. Lieut. Kuttelwascher, who has achieved outstanding night-flying results, received the War Cross for the fifth time



Irish Honeymoon

Capt. Denis Baggallay, 16th-5th Lancers, and his recent bride, formerly Betsy Tyler, went to Baldoyle Races while honeymooning in Eire. He was, before the war, one of Ireland's leading amateur riders

records, and the recent ones have shown us that they can fight as well inside those red-hot steel ovens as they and their like have fought on their horses whenever they have had the chance. I have only touched the outside fringe of this fine record of sport's combination with war, and I am sure that many of my friends can elaborate it for me—and I wish they would.

A Distinguished Witness

THE name is Akbar, who was one of the wisest of the Moghuls. He had the penetration to recognise the fact that if a man is capable of keeping his head in the heat of the fight of any game that demands split-second decisions, he will probably be the right one to trust in more serious crises. The Emperor regarded proficiency or aptitude at polo as indicating latent capacity for the more serious callings of life and State. In the memoirs of the Emperor's Prime Minister, Fazi-i-Allami, in the sixteenth century, we find the following recorded: "His Majesty, who is an excellent judge of mankind, uses this sport as a latent means of discovering men's merits. Superficial observers look upon the game only as

amusement, and consider it mere play, but men of more exalted views see in it a means of learning promptitude and decision. It tests the value of a man and strengthens the bonds of friendship. Strong men learn in playing the game the art of riding, and the animals learn to perform feats of agility and to obey the reins. Hence his Majesty is very fond of the game. Externally it adds to the splendour of his Court, but, viewed from a higher point, it reveals concealed talents."

The same argument, of course, applies to other games, notably to Soccer, which is so closely allied to polo, Rugger, riding steeplechases, and, above all, to épée fighting, where quickness and balance are imperative.

Footpads or "Agents"?

FOLLOWING the account of the recent very serious knife attack upon Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., which luckily resulted in nothing worse than a wound in the hand, I learn of another incident, the victim in this case having been a very well-known and most

popular member of the Fourth Estate. In Mr. Greenwood's case the assailant got nothing excepting a clip on the jaw; in the other one the victim was knocked out and the man or men took his Press pass, which, it may be explained, entitles the holder to go practically anywhere, including into a prohibited area. A little money was also stolen, but what they were after was obviously the pass, and the same thing may have been the target in Mr. Greenwood's case. Since the enemy "agent," as we have been very rightly warned in that good film *The Next of Kin*, is as thick as daisies on the lawn, it seems as if it would be wise for anyone carrying any pass or document which could be of use to these enterprising gentry should conceal it in some spot where it would take a lot of finding. Best of all, however, as has been already herein suggested, is to learn how to use the point of either the stick or the umbrella. Properly used, both can become rather deadly weapons. They deprive the attacker of any advantage he may possess in weight. Of course, if he can slip up behind you unawares and hit you over the head . . . !



Officers of a Field Regiment, R.A.

Front row: Captains A. J. Green, A. A. Haslam; Major F. E. Jarvis; the Commanding Officer; the Honorary Colonel; Majors H. G. Pepper (Second in Command), T. W. Kelly, J. L. Sutcliffe; Captains W. C. Hudson (Adjutant), A. B. Blandland. Middle row: Captain J. H. Dawson; Lieuts. D. Griffiths, Staines (Q.M.); Captains F. M. Dudley-Fletcher, J. R. Douglas, E. W. Boyce, K. D. Wood, J. Welsh; Lieuts. S. B. de Courcy-Thompson, M. A. C. Frever, J. B. Hirst. Back row: Lieut. G. A. Roberts; 2nd Lieuts. J. P. Shimmmin, T. M. J. Rees, G. V. Price, J. Vergette; Lieut. P. H. Weston; 2nd Lieuts. L. B. Molyneux-Berry, D. J. R. Thorndike, K. W. Hancock, R. S. Page-Smith, F. G. M. Hooper, S. L. G. Garland, J. Craggs



The Tonbridge Cricket Eleven

D. R. Stuart

Tonbridge eleven, seen above, have won three matches, beating Bedford, Christ's Hospital, and Malvern; drawn with Haileybury; and lost to Clifton and Cheltenham. Sitting: C. J. Matheue, C. S. Young (captain), C. V. L. Marquis, F. H. Scobie, B. G. Wood. Standing: J. D. Elmore, G. J. Maughan, S. F. Hills, M. E. Welford, S. S. L. Marshall, D. H. Coleman, A. Povey (coach)



The Dartmouth Cricket Eleven

D. R. Stuart

The Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, have this season beaten Highgate and an R.A.F. team, lost to Sherborne, and this week play their first match against an A.T.C. eleven. Sitting: S. R. Santerford, M. G. N. Dean (captain), J. Honeyman (coach), P. H. R. Glennie, G. A. F. Bower. Standing: T. J. D. Grant, R. E. C. C. Long, J. G. Nicholson, J. K. Robertson, J. H. Carhill, R. L. Garnous-Williams, B. E. Spicer

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Study of a King

THE king-figure makes a great subject for drama: a human being called to a super-human position never fails to stir the imagination. Shakespeare's succession of royal heroes comes most immediately to the English mind as examples of kings resurrected by poetry. But the tradition comes from the Greeks. There was more to this choice of a royal subject than the obviousness of its nobility, or than the fact that most poets had royal patrons, and by writing about one king implicitly flattered another. The contrast (sometimes the conflict) between the inner man—with his temperament, his desires, his fallibilities—and the outward king—whose life should be abstract, impeccable—is evidently fascinating. Apart from poetic drama, history, from Old Testament history onwards, is made exciting by it.

These days, fewer dramas, in the great sense, get written. We, ordinary students of history and human nature, are learning, perhaps, to be our own dramatists. Hence the demand for biography—that gives us the data, to which we can add feeling out of our own hearts. However much harm these last years may have done to us, they have done one thing that is not bad—they have heightened, in each man and woman, his or her own inherent dramatic sense. We perceive life's tragedies and satirical comedies without waiting to have them pointed by the dramatist's pen. So we do not want our biographies overwritten, any more than we want our novels and plays overcharged with obvious 'colour', action or atmosphere.

Mr. Robert Sencourt's *King Alfonso* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.) is a model of quiet biography. He throws all the more light on his royal subject by the determined-restraint of his own style. A "popular" life of Spain's handsome, ill-fated last king would have been easy to write and easier still to sell. Don Alfonso, Alfonso XIII., from the time of his first appearance as a boy king, had all the romantic attributes. He had the appearance of a Velasquez portrait, and at the same time modern gaiety, modern tastes. His courage, his charm, his munificence and his love of living endeared him to a public outside his own land. His love of England, his choice of an English bride, the palpable pleasure he took in his visits here had made him a favourite in England whilst still young. Officially, he was one of Europe's constitutional monarchs, but temperamentally (I should say) —no.

Yes, it would have been easy to write about King Alfonso as a figure combining dash and ardent vitality with the picturesque dignity of the hidalgo, staged against the sinister, glorious past of Spain, and encircled by what we now call glamour. Let us pray that he may be preserved from Hollywood, which is no doubt waiting (for what it considers the discreet interval) to seize on him.

Mr. Sencourt's treatment of King Alfonso has been on an entirely different plane from this. With austere understanding, he writes of the recently-dead King as an already historic figure. He relates him at once to the past, to the clouded present and to the still immensely uncertain future of Spain. He shows Alfonso XIII. as not only the child of history, but as the builder of more of it. He shows royalness, in all of its implications, to be an essential of Alfonso XIII.'s character. Change had come to his country before this king was born; he was the offspring of an uncertain succession, the representative of a tradition that already had, at his birth, more critics than it could meet. It is the tragedy of some characters that they come too early in time: the world is not ready for them. It may have been the tragedy of King Alfonso that he came too late. He could have reigned brilliantly; he could have aptly governed. But the Spain that he might have reigned over, the Spain he could have governed, was, with the close of the nineteenth century, already gone. I would describe Mr. Sencourt's biography as an account of the efforts of a king ideal for one age to meet, understand and control the conditions set up by another.

Fatality

IRONICALLY, weaklings, crooks, maladroits and feather-heads had preceded him. The feather-heads (at least, politically) were too amorous queens. Spain, by Mr. Sencourt's showing, suffered immensely from the unbridled vagaries of royal feminine hearts. Unsatisfactory marriage, early widowhood or delayed marriage

Mr. W. R. Vaughan Receives the O.B.E.

The award of the O.B.E. to Mr. W. R. Vaughan, secretary of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, was announced in the recent Birthday Honours. Mr. Vaughan has been given this honour in recognition of his work in establishing war nurseries for babies under five years of age. One hundred and eight of these nurseries have been opened by the Society since war began

caused royal ladies to play havoc not only with their own lives, but with the affairs of Spain. Love-intrigues made a too excellent starting-point for political (and, in some cases), international intrigues that were far-reaching and endlessly dangerous. Not only were succession questions involved,

but the marriages themselves were a constant reason for discord among the rest of the Powers. Too many intervened. After the famous affair of the Spanish Marriages (one of the Princesses in question being Alfonso XIII.'s grandmother) Louis Philippe of France and Queen Victoria did not speak to one another again.

Mr. Sencourt, an acknowledged authority on Spain and Spanish affairs, has summarised more than a century of the Spanish history that preceded the birth of Spain's last king. The Carlist movement, the growth of one form of clericalism and of resistance to it, the evolution of Catholic Liberalism, the advance of Spanish industrialism, the loss of the Colonies and the effect this had on the national temperament, are all outlined. This is all as involved as it is, in the main, tragic, but Mr. Sencourt's exposition is admirably clear. What he tells us is of the greatest importance, not only to our understanding of King Alfonso's position, but to our understanding of Spain as it is now. The relationship of Spain, in its changing phases, to Europe is brought out insistently, and with effect. We Europeans are members one of another, and what affects one, affects all.

(Concluded on page 216)



CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT only happened to me once—a sudden dislike, amounting almost to dread, of a certain house before actually I had set foot inside it. The welcome I received was as warm as could be. I had looked forward to my visit. I had anticipated nothing but happiness. Yet, from the moment when I entered the long drive, I had an almost irresistible desire to escape, to turn the car round; to do anything, in fact, to avoid that sudden and strange feeling of being—trapped! Yet it was not a forbidding looking house. Its situation was particularly lovely. Nor could it be haunted by any tragic past, since it was a modern affair designed only for utility. All the same, the moment I stopped at the main entrance, I felt I was about to enter imprisonment, that freedom lay behind me, and that, if I remained even for a brief spell, I should regret my sojourn. Subsequent events proved to some extent that my foreboding was not purely one of imagination.

This leads me to the problem of these unaccountable aversions and attractions which from time to time overwhelm reason and common sense. With no apparent cause, one is irresistibly drawn to some people and as irresistibly revolted by others. It doesn't often happen, of course. Most strangers affect you as little as lamp-posts. Once in a while, however, people and places will suddenly influence you to an extent beyond all logical explanation.

And dearly I would like to ask the Brains Trust to explain this strange phenomenon within the inner-life. Is it a psychological reaction? Is it something physical? In the case of human beings does Sex occasionally obtrude its mysteriously-disguised head where you least expect it? None of these explanations can apply to places, however. And yet, if you are at all sensitive to atmosphere, there are houses which stir your emotions unaccountably from the moment you step over their thresholds!

Of course, "reincarnationists" will tell me that it all belongs to some actual experience or encounter in a previous existence. But it seems to me that if that is all the memory which remains, it might as well never have happened at all. Lots of lovers, for instance, have declared, as lovers will, that they have met before in some dim, forgotten past, only to hope they may never meet again within six months of complete union. This can also happen to people whom you feel are going to become your bosom friends. Intuition is nothing to go by, either. Sometimes its enthusiasms turn out as dire as its warnings. Personally, I can only hold out theories and offer no convincing explanations. Nevertheless, there are often these moments of unaccountable attraction or dislike, fear or dread, which can influence the whole of our life—and often do: whether it be to thank Heaven later on, or to cry "Alas!"

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Howe — Robinson

Lieut. Bernard William Howe, R.E., of Cooksbridge, Lewes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Howe, of Meadvale, Redhill, and Eileen Mary Robinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Robinson, of Oaklea Warren, Newick, Sussex, were married recently



Broad — Lambert

Johnson, Oxford

Wing Commander Peter Broad, D.F.C., only son of the late H. L. Broad, and Mrs. Broad, of Hartley Cottage, Grafham, Sussex, married Peggy Lambert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bertram Lambert, of 8, Park Town, Oxford, at Merton College Chapel, Oxford



Robertson — Taylor

Arthur Henry Robertson, second son of the late W. B. Robertson, and Mrs. Robertson, of Hampstead, and the Court Farm, Hedgerley, Bucks., married Pamela Suzanne Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, formerly of Barcelona, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Lindsay-Robertson — Moseley

Lieut. Alastair James Lindsay-Robertson, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Lindsay-Robertson, of Dundee, and Maureen Gaynor Moseley, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Moseley, of Bombay, and Cheshire, were married at the Afghan Memorial Church, Bombay



Miss Babs Strachan

Gladys B. W. (Babs) Strachan, only child of the late Capt. Wellesley Strachan, and of Mrs. E. Pakenham-Walsh, of Kyngeshene, Warren Road, Guildford, is engaged to Capt. John A. Hamilton, The Queen's Royal Regt., son of Sq. Ldr. and Mrs. H. P. Hamilton, of Battle Hill, Goring-on-Thames



Macleod — Pelly

Captain Kenneth W. Macleod, The London Scottish, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Macleod, of Highgate, married Antoinette Joan Pelly, daughter of the late Colonel E. G. Pelly, and Mrs. Pelly, of Yew Tree Cottage, Higham, Colchester, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Purnell — McConnell

Captain William Anthony Purnell, R.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. G. Purnell, of Worpleston Hill, Surrey, and Ursula Agnes McConnell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, of Sefton Park, Liverpool, were married at St. Dunstan's, Woking



Kerr — Wills

Wing Commander Hamish Mackenzie Kerr, eldest son of the late James Kerr, and Mrs. Kerr, of Irvine, Ayrshire, married Ione Bruce McVillie Wills, only daughter of the late Captain B. M. Wills, and Mrs. Wills, of Castle Coombe Manor, Wills, at St. Andrew's Church, Castle Coombe



Galloway-Kyle — Warburton

Captain William Galloway-Kyle, R.A.S.C., son of Chevalier and Mrs. Galloway-Kyle, of Portman Square, W., married Sheila Mary Warburton, daughter of the late Frank G. Warburton, and Mrs. Warburton, of Thorington, Stirling, at Holy Trinity Church, Stirling

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

of which Lord Southwood is chairman. Lord Iliffe, as chairman of the Red Cross and St. John appeal, introduced Mr. Brendan Bracken, who spoke about the photographs, aspects of the cause they aid, and paid special tribute, as did Lord Iliffe, to this latest example of Lord Southwood's ceaseless energy, generosity and resource in the interests of the Red Cross. The Penny-a-Week Fund, started by him, now brings in £50,000 a week; the first week yielded £65.

The photographs tower above one on the walls, and are effectively lit by strip-lighting which imitates daylight. They cover the war at home and abroad. People of every colour who are fighting for the Allied Empires are there; scenes from Russia and from China; flying photographs, fighting photographs, photographs taken at sea. Ships, planes, tanks, guns; men on leave being greeted by their families; pictures of the blitz; and a big one of the King and Queen with the Prime Minister.

Baseball in Britain

EXCITEMENT ran high last week, when 10,000 people saw Canada beat America at her national game of baseball, in aid of the British Red Cross and St. John Fund. Seventy pipers from eight regiments of the 3rd Canadian Division played the teams on to the ground, and Mrs. Churchill, who brought her daughter Sarah, accompanied by Lord Mottistone and Lord Wigram, shook hands with the members of both teams.

The Royal Box was crowded with North American staff officers. General Charles Bolte, quite the best looking of them all, who is Chief of Staff of American Forces in Britain, sat between Mrs. Churchill and her daughter, and was kept busy explaining the points of the game. Near them were Lord and Lady Mottistone, Lord Wigram and Major-General P. J. Montague, senior Canadian officer in London, who brought Major-General Letson. Among the Canadian colonels, I saw Colonel Beament, and that popular Irish-Canadian, "Pat" Kelly.

The ball flew in all directions as the Americans made frantic, last-minute efforts to retrieve a bad start. At one moment it seemed as though there would be casualties amongst the audience, as it missed them by inches on several occasions. During the very last few minutes of the match, the Americans ran their score up from nil to 3 runs; the final outcome being Canada, 5 runs; America, 3, with seven innings.

Netherlands Forces

THE Welfare Committee for the Netherlands fighting forces gave a dinner recently in honour of the "Isaac Sweers," which was attended by the Commander, non-commissioned officers and ratings of the Dutch destroyer. The "Isaac Sweers" has distinguished herself while in action, in collaboration with the British Fleet in the Mediterranean, and members of the crew were decorated by the First Lord of the Admiralty. She was one of the destroyers which attacked, without loss, a superior enemy force, sinking two Italian cruisers and one Italian destroyer.

Correction with Apologies

When Mrs. Lionel Tyrwhitt went to Buckingham Palace recently to receive the D.S.O. and D.S.C. awarded to her husband, the late Lieut.-Commander Lionel Tyrwhitt, of H.M.S. Hasty, she was escorted by his cousin, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt. We published a picture of them in our issue of July 1st, but unfortunately the photographer misinformed us and our caption incorrectly stated that the Admiral received his son's decorations. The Admiral's son is, in fact, Commander St. John Tyrwhitt, of H.M.S. Tartar. We apologise for these mistakes.



Middlesex Cricketer's Son Engaged

The engagement of Captain John Pelham Mann, Scots Guards, and Miss Ann Marguerite Brockbank has been announced. Captain Mann is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Mann, of Woodside House, Windsor Forest. Miss Brockbank is the only daughter of Colonel J. G. Brockbank, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Brockbank, of The Manor House, Steeple Langford, Salisbury.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

Fine Skating

MR. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM is one of the finest old stagers of Anglo-Irish comedy. He has an insouciance and good humour that exclude all bitterness from the Irish scene. In the good (or better) old days, his amiable cast was headed by a long-suffering Major, a red-headed Protestant curate and a resourceful officer of the R.I.C. In *Over the Border* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.), the characters' names and avocations are different, but the old mood of high-flying hilarity still prevails. It may be old-fashioned, but I still find it tonic.

The theme of *Over the Border* is topical, and beautifully indiscreet. Only Mr. George Birmingham could get away so lightly with burning—you might say explosive—topics. In fact, as an Irishwoman, I hesitate even to hint at the plot of *Over the Border*. Enough to say that Jimmy MacNiece—airman, ex-Oxford undergraduate and Belfast native, with accent and sentiments to match—combines with Lady Margaret Donaghue, who owns racing stables in Donegal, and is as high-handed in her behaviour as she is unqualified in her views, to involve an Oxford don (now connected with the Ministry of Information) and his senior, the head of an Oxford college, in an exceedingly ticklish international situation. Racing interests interweave with the plot. The bombing of Belfast has been, where Jimmy and Lady Margaret are concerned, the last straw: they are relentless in their management of their unwilling helpers. Kidnapping (of a German Count) is their project: he had been so rash as to marry Lady Margaret's niece, Una, and is now on the point of adding to his offences by visiting her vague brother, Lord Malmore—who also lives on the neutral side of the Border.

Lord Malmore, a distracted, peace-loving peer, takes the view that family ties hold good. Lady Margaret's opinion, however, is signalled by her midnight arrival at the head of a masked gang, consisting of her jockey and stable-hands—with embarrassed Oxford in tow. The scene where Lord Malmore smooths everything over with sherry is—epic. The unwinding I refuse to reveal. . . . I have called Mr. Birmingham (respectfully) an old stager. He is also a finished skater on thin ice. On this he cuts his best figures—to be watched, from both sides of the Border, with equal joy.

The Organist

DR. HENDRIK VAN LOON shows romantic feeling for the prosaic side of an artist's experience. His *The Life and Times of Johann Sebastian Bach* (Harrap; 6s.) is a picture deliberately on the domestic-practical level. He shows first the hard-working Saxon, the Thuringian orphan with a living to make, dependent first on a brother, then on a choir-school, then on a series of rather fractious patrons throughout the German principalities. He shows the intransigence of the man of genius at odds with the docility of the bourgeois, with an ever-growing family to support. . . . In the music-loving minor German courts of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, subsistence, for a musician, was not hard to find. Johann Sebastian Bach, throughout a series of engagements that involved changes of home for his family, found, however, little more than that. No patron detected, or stood by to sponsor, his genius. Frederick the Great did send for him, but almost too late. He conducted dual orchestras, played stringed instruments, trained choirs. It was as an organist that he came to be honoured—and to be remembered for the first years after he died. The music by which we know him was little known—for years there were only hand-made copies of this, and they were little in circulation.

Dr. van Loon's book is illustrated by pen-drawings of tables and chairs, gabled houses, stretches of German landscape, hats hanging on walls, small ancient towns in the distance. All these add to the writing a tone of simplicity. I feel in sympathy with this attempt to furnish all details of Bach's human scene. Sometimes, perhaps, the naivety of the manner is overdone. Dr. van Loon no doubt feels that more ambitious biographers have already covered their own ground—he has therefore made an approach that is quite new, and his own. Does he "show why Bach wrote the sort of music he did"? At any rate, he has tried to—by implication. He has given a very fair, time-coloured picture of the earth Bach trod, if not the air he breathed.

Nice People

"MRS. APPELYARD'S YEAR," by Louise Andrews Kent (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), is a picture of nice people with nice ideas deservedly having a nice time. This is quite idyllic family life, interspersed with a few little contretemps that end up well. Mrs. Appleyard, comely well-to-do mother of four grown-up children, loves also country life, gardens, old furniture. She is, and is intended to be, sympathetic. Her humour, which has much play, shows a wry turn. I think many mothers and home-lovers may enjoy this book, which I would place half-way between *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *Mrs. Miniver*. In fact, I wondered whether, during her time in England, Mrs. Appleyard had met Mrs. Miniver; they would have had much in common.

Mrs. Appleyard's Year is, both psychologically and geographically, a regional book. I sometimes failed to drive up to the local spirit, and I was sometimes puzzled by the topography. There are accounts of picnics, flower shows, adolescents, handymen, a September corn-roast, children's Easter holidays, football matches, battles with the English telephone service, the fascinating but difficult Mr. Appleyard, and last-minute Christmas shopping. Mrs. Appleyard has all the lovable failings, and irony softens her sterling traits. Here is sentiment (dare I say sentimentality?) sheathed by a pleasant wit.

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her best — and feel it too,
for it's the perfect tailormade,
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



"Say it in Tweed," either in the perfume or the bouquet. Every woman will appreciate a bottle of either—they are delightful and so are their companions. It is believed that very soon now these preparations will be obtainable—only in quite small quantities on account of the quota. Orders should be sent to Lenthéric, 17, Old Bond Street, who will give the address of the nearest agent. The perfume is primarily destined to be used in the evening, as there is warmth and luxury about it that cannot be described. The bouquet is really a daytime fragrance. It may be used as a friction or as a bath luxury, and is a mental tonic when applied behind the ears and over the temples. It is economical, as a little goes a long way. War workers revel in it, as it ever freshens the atmosphere suggesting the great outdoors



It seems strange to be already thinking of the autumn. Nevertheless, this is what Lillywhite, Piccadilly Circus, are doing, as they consider it will help women in laying out their next coupons to the greatest advantage. To-day everyone likes to take time for consideration before spending. It is a Bery dress that is pictured above. It should be carefully studied, as it is as simple as it is attractive and becoming. It is of a soft material with a considerable amount of wool in its composition, relieved with touches of shantung, and is available in many colours. Assembled here is a splendid assortment of other Bery models, including tailored suits. Attention must likewise be drawn to the dungarees and slacks: they are admirably cut and tailored



When in doubt, a visit to Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, is excellent advice, and go at once to the Lingerie and House Coat Department, as disappointment never awaits all who do. To them must be given the credit of the house coat on the left. It is carried out in a new material in a delicate shade of shrimp pink, the lattice-work decoration being of jet. It is primarily destined for the trousseau, in the assembling of which this firm is particularly successful. Naturally, there are many variations on this theme. In striking contrast to this are the linen tweed wrappers: they wear exceptionally well and are available in two-tone effects in cheerful colours. The lingerie is simple, practical and attractive, and there are no complicated fastenings or elaborate forms of decoration



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

WHILE dressing, a man staying in a North of England hotel wished to summon the chambermaid.

The only bell he could discover was in the bathroom attached to his bedroom. He rang several times without result. Later, having dressed, he encountered the chambermaid in the corridor and reproached her with having failed to answer.

"Which bell did you ring, sir?" she asked.

"The bathroom bell."

"Ah, but, sir, you shouldn't have used that one. That's only to be used in case you faint or drown in the bath."

ONE Saturday night, Sandy, accompanied by his son, trudged to the tavern, where he handed over a jar and asked for it to be filled with whisky. (This was before the war!)

When this had been done he found that he had left his money at home, whereupon the landlord poured out the whisky again.

"What an awful shame," remarked the son when they were on their way home again.

"Dinna worry, son," replied Sandy, blithely. "Just wait till we get hame an' ye see me squeezing out the sponge."

THEY were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said, suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

"If I had money," he said, with enthusiasm, "I would travel."

He felt her small hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he opened them again she had gone.

In his hand lay a threepenny piece.

THE professors of a certain college met to consider an act of misdemeanour on the part of one of the students. One professor insisted upon punishment, saying: "God has given us eyes."

"Yes," said one of his colleagues with a kinder nature, "and eyelids."

TWO young Scotsmen were at loggerheads over the sharing out of the estate which had been left jointly to them in their father's will. As a last resort they agreed to accept the decision of an old friend of the family.

"Boys," said this wise man. "Donald will divide up the estate exactly as he thinks fit."

At this Donald's face beamed, but that of Hamish grew visibly longer.

"And then," continued the arbitrator, "Hamish will take whichever half he prefers."

A MAN who had dined well but not too wisely wandered into an auction sale. After listening to the proceedings for a few moments, he found that the article being auctioned at the moment was a parrot. In a state of fuddlement he started bidding for the bird. As the bidding went higher and higher he gradually became more sober and to his horror realised that the result was that the parrot had been knocked down to him for twenty-five pounds.

To verify the fact he asked a man standing by if it was true that the parrot was his for such a ridiculously high price.

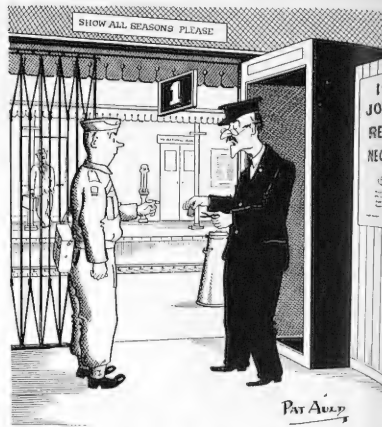
"That's right," replied the bystander.

"But," cried the erstwhile drunk, "I don't know anything about parrots. Can this one talk?"

"Talk! I should think he could," was the reply. "He's been bidding against you for the last half-hour!"

"HA! ha!" laughed the recruit. "You can't fool me. I know they've got potato-peeling machines in this army."

"Yes, smart chap," replied the sergeant, "and you're the latest model!"



"Sponge-water? Number Three Platform—Front Two Carriages—Change at Flapton Junction. Screw-by and Wipple-by-Doings. Or alternatively you can take the last two carriages which go straight there."

THE small boy went into the lounge to see a visitor who was with his father.

"Well, my little man," said his father's friend, "what are you looking at me for so hard?"

"Why," replied the boy, "daddy told me you were a self-made man, and I wanted to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest, "I am a self-made man."

"But why did you make yourself like that?" said the boy, with considerable surprise.

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Mine's an Extrusion

FEW of the ponderous production engineers who churn out aeroplanes for the United Nations or, for that matter, for the enemy, give proper thanks to the "onlie begetter" of all large-scale, series aircraft output; the humble, hardworking, often despised, frequently reviled, occasionally ill-treated, sometimes blessed, but more loudly abused or scorned beer pump; to that stolid, trustworthy, unpretentious, heartening (but never over-optimistic) and unfailing drawer of adulterated water.

Yet so it is. An examination of the records at His Majesty's Patent Office reveals that the first specification for the extrusion press, without which aircraft production would fade and the Society of British Aircraft Constructors fall into dissolution, is contained in the United Kingdom Patent for the beer pump dated 1797, and in the name of one Joseph Bramah.

For every Lancaster that goes over Germany, therefore, and for every Spitfire that defends these shores, we ought, in justice, to pronounce thanks to the beer pump. It is a point which must be brought home to the captains of industry for it will induce among them—perhaps—a proper humility and it will show that the industrial revolution was not unaffected by the machinery of the bar parlour.

Music While They Work

BY cutting out crooning the B.B.C. has become suspect. For the frantic approval the decision received in places where there is a tendency to force upon the public sectional standards of taste made many reconsider their first reactions. It might have been better if the public had of its own accord made its demands for a different kind of music and that such a demand can be made has been demonstrated at some of the big aircraft works where there is music while they work.

One such place is the Phillips and Powis aircraft factory where the men and women workers have called for music of the more intricate kind (note the care with which I avoid the terms "good music" and "bad music" and even "better music"). In response to a request by the management the workers sent in the names of the particular works they would

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

like to hear. I have before me a list of the results. It includes works by well-known composers, including Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Tchaikowsky, and Rossini and it also includes works by Elgar, Sibelius, Delius, and Richard Adinsell. In the whole list there is not a croon or even a half-croon. Even the sob is taken out of sobriety.

If we go on at this rate we shall come to Stravinsky, Honegger and even Schönberg. The operative will out-do the intelligentsia and kill by kindness the whole mystical stock-in-trade of the highbrow.

When highbrow works are taken up and admired by the many, the highbrow tends at once to fight shy of them. What is sauce for the proletariat is never sauce for the highbrow.

Air Brakes

MANY people have written to me—some of them general service officers of the Royal Air Force—objecting to my demand for air brakes for all. They say that the single-seat fighter does not need air brakes.

Speaking with due respect and proper humility, I would say that single-seat fighters and all military aircraft do need air brakes. I base my conclusion on first principles. The more you can increase the control of the pilot the better. We have pushed up the rates of acceleration and the top speeds available to the pilot; but we have not simultaneously pushed up the rates of retardation and the low speeds available.

The more we can do so the better. A motor car would not be considered controllable if it had no brakes or only very poor brakes. The more the control

of the pilot can be enhanced, the better. One way of enhancing this control is by fitting air brakes.

Marks

SOMETIMES I wish that the Air Ministry would smake up its mind about the markings for British aircraft. The "roundels, red upon white upon blue" were the things we used to regard as the established and traditional markings of a British aircraft, no more liable to change than the Union Jack. But this war

has already seen many changes and it becomes more and more difficult to say what kind of flag Royal Air Force aircraft will wear from one moment to the next.

First the night bombers, with their naturally retiring disposition, found the original circles too garish and dropped the white circle. Then they found the vertical fin stripes too noticeable as their fins increased in dimensions and the marking took on the aspect of a giant poster. So the "flash" was introduced; a little rectangular patch with the red, white and blue stripes. But long before this the red, white, and blue stripes themselves had been moved from the rudder.

The reason here was that the weight of the paint tended to set up flutter and in spite of all comment on those in power insisted that in advancing this reason they were not trying to be funny. Now the white circle and the white stripe are to undergo the most vicious course of slimming. Aircraft are now sometimes to be seen with attenuated white circles.

It seems to me most undesirable that any changes should be made in aircraft national markings, except under the strongest compulsion.

Any marking—and this applies equally to the German crosses and swastikas—tends to spoil the aircraft's camouflage and to make it show up more readily. But whether the advantage is sufficient to warrant the changes that have been made is most doubtful.

Aircraft are usually spotted by fighter pilots as small black dots. That is generally their first view of other machines. At that kind of distance the national markings make no difference in ease of spotting.

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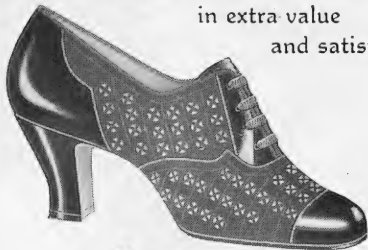
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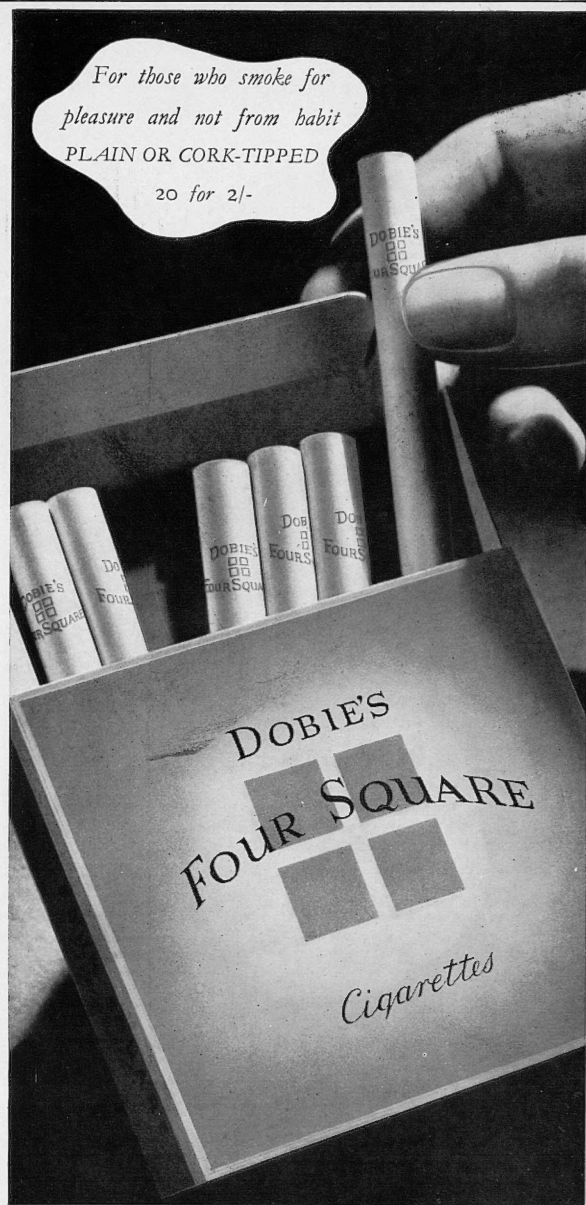
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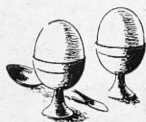
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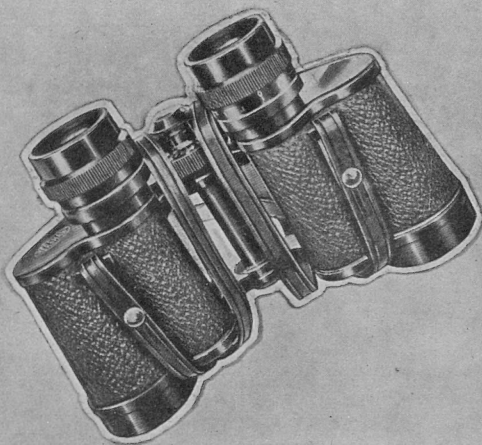
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